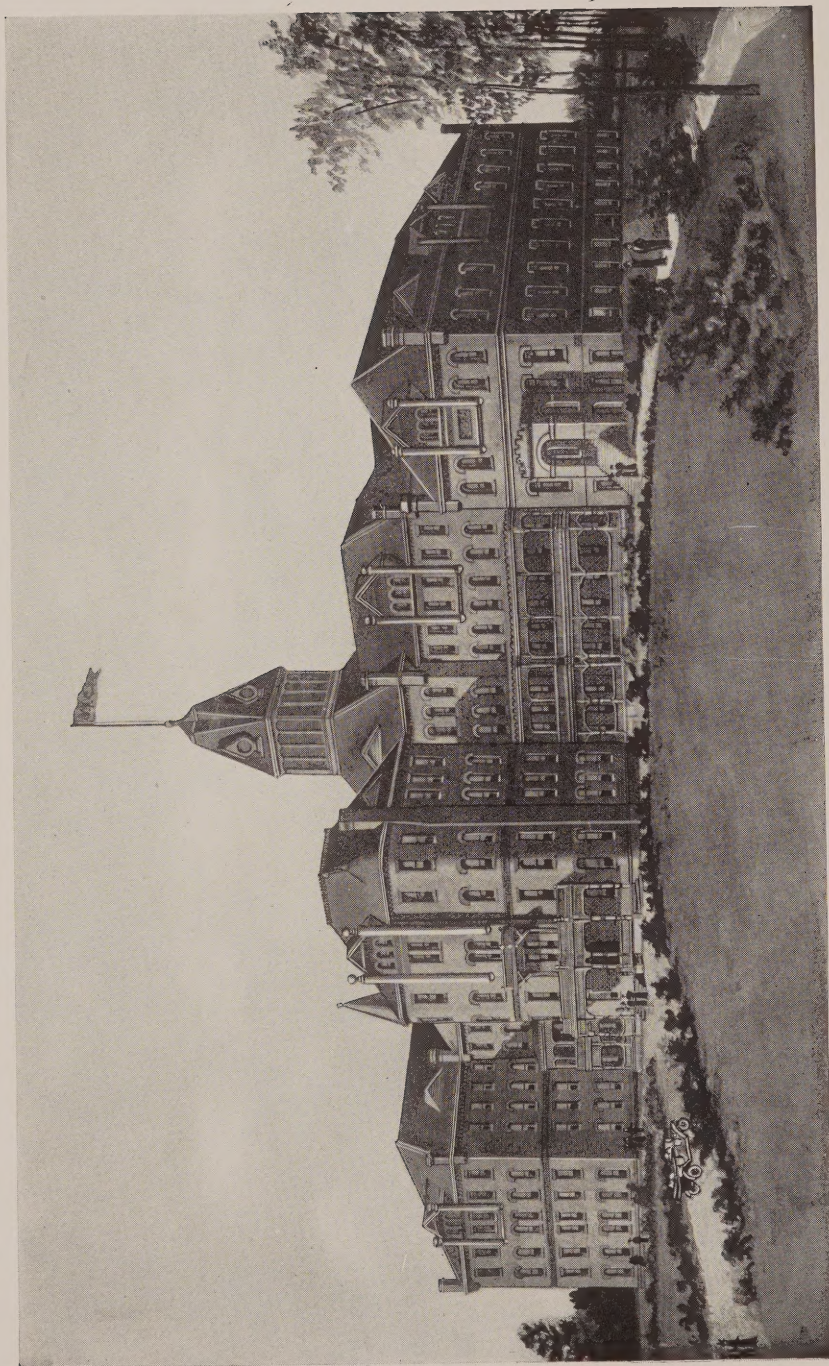


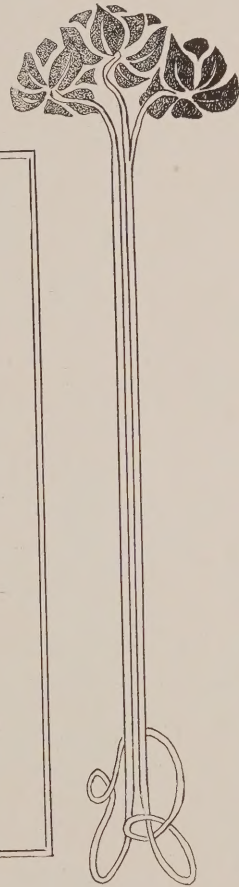
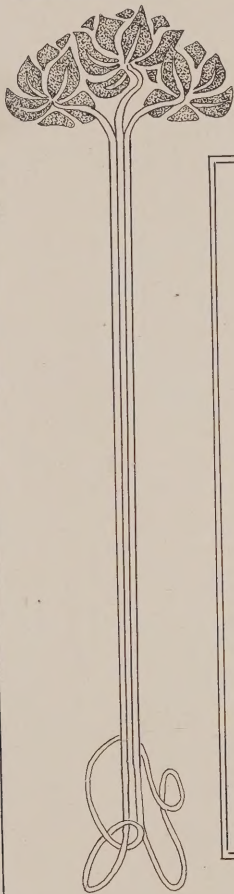
THE · INTERMONT

~1917~



OUR ALMA MATER

The Intermont



EDITED BY THE
Class of Nineteen Seventeen
Virginia Intermont College
Bristol, Virginia

To
Mr. Samuel C. Hodges

In loving appreciation of his faithful and loyal
services to our *Alma Mater*, we, the
Class of Nineteen Hundred Seven-
teen, dedicate this volume
of the "Intermont"





CAMPUS SCENES

Foreword

Difficulties we've had many,
Encouragements there were but few;
Yet 'tis needless to relate
We have tried our best to do.

We have tried to place before you,
For review in future years,
Something of our ancient school life
With its works, its joys and tears.

In the future dim and distant,
May this book to mind recall,
Pictures long since dim and faded,
Memories beloved by all.

THE EDITORS.





The Intermont



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HOUSEKEEPER



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FACULTY SNAPSHOTS



The Intermont



FACULTY SNAPSHOTS



History of Our Alma Mater



VIRGINIA INTERMONT COLLEGE is now one of the leading standard Junior Colleges of the South, and its standing is recognized far and wide. It has not always been in such a progressive condition, however, and it had many difficulties to overcome before reaching its present successful position.

In 1884 it was founded at Glade Spring, Va., under the name of Southwest Virginia Institute, by Rev. J. R. Harrison. Allison Hutton was its first president, and it began its first term with thirteen pupils and three teachers. In 1886, W. W. Harrison became president of the school. He presided for three years and was then succeeded by S. D. Jones, a son-in-law of Dr. Harrison. During the term of his presidency the people of Bristol became interested in the school, as a result of the rapid growth, and they took immediate measures to enhance the beauty and the value of their city by the addition of the institute. After conferring with S. D. Jones as to the erection of an entirely new building, they agreed to raise a fund of \$50,000, and to secure the site for the building, on the condition that Dr. Harrison raise an equal amount from the State of Virginia. One of the most beautiful places in Southwest Virginia was chosen for the site and the new building was erected.

Difficulties arose, however; Dr. Harrison was unable to secure the promised amount, and, in addition to this, the institution cost more than had been anticipated. Consequently the creditors combined to sell the property. In order to hold the college it was necessary to mortgage it for \$40,000. The trustees succeeded in cancelling a great part of the debt, but there still remained a deficit of \$25,000.

After the resignation of S. D. Jones, there were about four different men who held the presidency for only a short period. The debt continued to grow and it seemed as though the school must be closed. In 1903, Dr. J. T. Henderson, then president of Carson and Newman College, came to the rescue. He was president of the college until 1914, and under his administration V. I. regained its former standing. The name of the school was changed from Virginia Institute to Virginia Intermont College. Dr. H. G. Noffsinger, who was then vice-president of V. I., became its president. He immediately assumed the task of freeing the college from its hampered position, and after two years



The Intermont



the debt was completely cancelled. After this condition was changed, he began the work of securing for the institute an endowment, and now the committee is in a fair way to raise the desired sum. Dr. Noffsinger is an enthusiastic advocate of the Junior College. He has spent much time in studying the conditions in other colleges in the states, and he never loses an opportunity of impressing us with the importance of the Junior-College movement.

When we compare our present large and efficient faculty with the faculty of three who began the work of enlightening juvenile minds thirty-three years ago the chances seem great indeed. These changes have not been equally great in every line, for on glancing through the list of graduates we are surprised to find that our beloved lady principal and also our math teacher were students of this college, even back in those years when it was having its worst struggles.

The school life here seems never to become monotonous, for so many of the inmates have at late intervals relieved the monotony by entertaining their fellow-laborers with the exciting events which customarily precede and follow an elopement.

On the whole, perhaps the most interesting and intense moments of the life within the walls of the college were during the fall and winter of 1916, when the enlightened Junior Class became impressed with its self-governing ability. The faculty, after duly considering both pro and con, decided to give this movement a trial. A constitution was drawn up, and on the first day of April, 1916, Student Government was instituted at V. I. The faculty seemingly has never had cause to regret placing upon each individual the responsibility of her own government.

The college is still receiving new improvements. Since the completion of the new gymnasium, there is every opportunity for the development of our physical as well as our mental conditions. We shall ever behold with much pleasure the continued success of our Alma Mater.

M. L., '17.



The Intermont



SENIOR SNAPSHOTS



SENIORS



The Intermont



MISS MARGUERITE PFLUG
SENIOR ADVISER



The Infermont



SENIOR MASCOT



The Intermont



LEONA COPENHAVER

BRISTOL, TENN.

Certificate in Voice

Lithesome and gay is Leona, in excellent spirits
always,
And though she dwelleth in town in school spirit
she is not lacking.
Musical, too, is she, for she singeth in accents
most charming.
Dances with ease and grace, and pleaseth the
eyes of observers.
A generous soul is hers, for she always accom-
modates others.

GRACE RUBY CRUIKSHANK

GATE CITY, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Words, alas, can't express our feelings of high
admiration,
When to this talented maiden we strive to do
honor and justice.
Often her voice may be heard in meetings of
various natures.
Head of the students was she, what more need be
said of her prowess?
High aspirations are hers, and we therefore
predict a bright future.
Whatever she may undertake she is certain to be
most successful.



The Intermont



MARGARET DILLS

PEARISBURG, VA.

Applicant for Diploma in Expression

Toward dramatics her talent inclines, she acts
both a maid and a warrior
Equally well and with ease, adaptable to all
occasions.

Hearty and hale is she, you can hear her among
the day students,

For she's a sociable maid, and her laughter is
blithesome and merry.

From Pearisburg came she to Bristol, and both
are desirous to claim her,

For they do expect soon to see her name on the
list of great actors.

ALMA GOODYEAR

LAKE VIEW, S. C.

Certificate in Domestic Art

A jolly and good-natured lass is the one whom
you now see before you,

Always laughing and gay, no matter with whom
she is speaking;

The nature is not to conceal, her mind she lays
open to others.

With no intention to wound unthinkingly, only——
Her mind at times has been changed, but that is
the right of a woman;

So from the A. B. degree she turned to thread
and the needle.



The Intermont



GEARY HUDDLE

BRISTOL, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

A care-free life leads this maid, no sorrows
burden her hours;
Fondnesses many has she, but the greatest of
these is her German.
Often she waited with longing for her turn to
come for the reading,
But never daunted was she, and ever she toiled
bravely onward.
Gentle always and kind, with a temper ever
unruffled,
Patiently doing her best, and making the best of
others.

AUDREY HUDSON

BRISTOL, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

A town girl is Audrey, but to us is well known.
A steadfast and faithful student is she,
And works with a vim, always gaining her goal,
Yet this in her own quiet way she does.
A teacher probably she will be,
Guiding and training the youthful minds
Along the paths of knowledge aright.



The Intermont



GLADYS HUFFARD

BRISTOL, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

A talented maiden in truth is Gladys, our faithful day student.
Weather means nothing to her, she braveth the fiercest of snowstorms.
Faithful and true to herself, with a mind far superior to any,
For her short story was deemed the best of all that were written.
Aimless her life will not be, but filled with a definite purpose—
An authoress of note to become, enjoyed by a host of admirers.

BESS KING

PENNINGTON GAP, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Fair is she to behold, this maiden with numerous honors.
Kind she is rightfully called, for once she kept tab of the suspects,
Giving demerits and marks, like the sands of the sea, without number.
In business she's quite a success, for she helped in constructing this Annual,
Collecting the coin for the "ads" (for reference, see page 140).
A worker is she without pomp, reliable, steadfast, and trusty.



The Intermont



MARGARET LITTREAL

MEADOW VIEW, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Yet another comes before us,
And a worthy maid is she.
Skilled in all the arts of learning,
And in other ways accomplished;
Still with all this fame and glory
Modest is her heart within her.

KATHLEEN LITZ

MORRISTOWN, TENN.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Stately and tall is this maiden, and of dignified
air and important,
Scanning with watchful eyes the doings and
actions of others,
For, of the students all, the worthy president is
she.
On the piano she plays, and sings in the Chorus
and Glee Club.
Sunday she goes to church and teaches the little
children.
Cabinet member is she of the Christian Asso-
ciation.



The Intermont



GAYNELLE LOCKHART

HONAKER, VA.

*Applicant for A. A. Degree and Teachers'
Diploma in Music*

Burdened with work is this maiden, though no
one would ever suspect it,
For with a countenance bright and aspect most
cheerful she labors.
And not in vain is her toil, for each day adds
more A's to her record.
Honors she holds not a few and leaves with a
twofold diploma,
For to her A. A. degree she adds another in
music;
And as a teacher we know her success will be
great and unbounded.

MARY FRANCES MASON

PEARISBURG, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Merely a shadow is Frances, the midnight oil
she's been burning,
Working wearily on, completing these Annual
pages.
Oft in the stillly night we could hear her type-
writer typing.
Only one year at V. I. has she spent, 'mid toiling
and pleasures,
But numerous are her friends, for she is a blithe
little maiden.
Scientist, too, is she, for they say that one winter
morning,
In the Chemistry lab, a poor little bug she
"bisected."



The Intermont



THASIA MAYES

MOORESBURG, TENN.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

A diligent girl we see, of quiet and thoughtful
appearance,
Bravely pursuing her work, and gaining reward
for her labor.
Retiring within herself, but always ready to
counsel;
Open to new ideas, but faithful, too, to the old
ones;
With dignity does she uphold the high reputation
of Seniors,
Striving with unceasing zeal to do her part to-
ward their glory.

RUTH McCLELLAN

BRISTOL, TENN.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Versatile is this maid, and with various occupa-
tions
Fills she the hours and the minutes, and gaily she
struggles onward.
Four long years at V. I. has she spent, 'mid
pleasures and trials,
Sadly we'll miss our Ruth when she is no longer
among us.
Higher still does she strive, and we know that
she'll do us much credit.



The Intermont



MARGARET ELIZABETH MINTER

ARENDTSTVILLE, PA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

"Little Fish" she is called by her friends, for tiny
is she in appearance,
But not in intellect small, as is shown by her
numerous deeds.
On the violin she performs, and played for the
minuet dances,
When on Washington's Birthday they graced the
guests with their dancing.
Part did she take in a play which was given on
Trophy Evening,
Treasurer the Curry Club funds, and once of the
class was vice-president.

LURA MINYARD

GREENWOOD, MISS.

Certificate in Voice and Piano

Domestic and musical is she, this maiden by name
Lura Minyard;
In Glee Club her voice may be heard, and also
on other occasions
She delighteth the ears of her friends. But other
accomplishments
Are hers in soothe, for she painteth most beautiful
china,
And on the piano she plays in accents both sweet
and melodious.
Nature she loveth as well, for they say that often
she wanders
Beside some pleasant "Lane" with deep and per-
fect contentment.



The Infermont



KATE MURRELL

ROGERSVILLE, TENN.

Teachers' Diploma in Music

Ever happy and cheerful, with words of encouragement always,
"Katie" trips gaily on, a friend loved and cherished by many.
Three most eventful years has she spent here,
'mid toilings and trials,
And her departure will prove a loss to our Alma Mater.
In the future perhaps she will be a competent, well-known musician,
Lest some one blights her career and she chooses the cares of a housewife.

ALMA POND

CREWE, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

And what shall we say of our president,
Whose virtues are numerous and varied?
She is a Pond to be sure and like them is silent and tranquil.
Meetings she calls of the Seniors, and exhorts them to coöperation,
Gravely she chides them at times, and praises their every virtue.
Little time has she for life's pleasures, for her tasks fill her days to o'erflowing.



The Intermont



MARY GLENN PHILLIPS

BRISTOL, TENN.

Applicant for Certificate in Expression

Graduate in Expression is Mary Glenn Phillips,
of Bristol;
Oft on the stage is she seen, as Captain Joe and
the Bishop.
Once a recital she gave, and her voice was heard
in the Glee Club,
And in the choir of the church, for it was both
strong and melodious.
Over the Curry Club, too, she presided with
dignified bearing,
And in her leisure hours she tossed the ball
toward the basket.

GRACE EARLE POOLE

EMPORIA, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

A charming girl is "Poolie," with wit and in-
telligence enough.
She came last year at Christmas, but soon one of
us became.
Spoiled and pampered she's been, but from her
this does not detract.
'Tis the wish of her classmates that this maid's
future be bright as her past.



The Intermont



FAYE M. QUESENBERRY

HINTON, W. VA.

Domestic Science and Art

Domestic intentions has she, this maid with an air
unassuming,
For she can cook, and sew, and mend almost to
perfection.
Quietly does she her work and faithfully also
her duties.
Once the president with ease o'er the oldest
society among us.
From West Virginia she comes, and credit she
does to her home state,
For she's returning to it with accomplishments
varied and many.

MARY CRENSHAW

ABINGDON, VA.

A maid of lofty ideals is Mary, the lover of
nature;
Often she tramps o'er the hills, in rain as well
as in sunshine.
Art is her chosen course, and this she pursues
with much spirit,
And with success as well, as is shown by her
works in the Art Room.
A curious mixture is she, for her tastes are of
various natures,
Mingling athletics with art and "math" with the
science of cooking.



The Intermont



VELMA REEDER

OKOLONA, MISS.

*Applicant for A. A. Degree and Concert
Diploma*

Quiet and meek is our Velma, and calmly she
ploddeth onward
Toward the A. A. degree, and also a concert
diploma,
For in the year gone by in piano she took a
certificate.
And in the president's chair she sat, in the hall
of the Eolines'.
And all the evil ones flee when she comes with
her marks and demerits,
For secretary is she of the Student Association.
From Mississippi she hails and over the state
club she presideth.

EDITH RICH

ITTA BENA, MISS.

Applicant for Teachers' Music Certificate

Retiring of manner is she, but with sense of
humor not lacking,
For to her lot it fell to collect the jokes for the
Annual.
Enemies has she none, but her friends are varied
and many,
For she is liked by all, the old as well as the
younger.
In the Eoline hall as vice-president she was
chosen;
And when she touches the keys the music flows
from her fingers.



The Intermont



GILBERTA SINCLAIR SMITH

SOUTH HILL, VA.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Among the foremost is Gilly. Two years she
has labored among us.
Music is one of her aims, for she sings and plays
the piano;
Member of Glee Club is she, but not all her
time she spends singing.
Often she trotteth downtown and interviews
salesmen and buyers,
Getting their Annual ads, with looks both grim
and determined.
President long was she of the Christian Asso-
ciation,
And on the second floor she performs the duties
of Proctor.

RUTH ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND

MT. CITY, TENN.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

People may well judge her timid, for her knowl-
edge is kept in the background.
Unselfish ever, and kind to all whom she meets
in the bypaths.
In manner most winning, though meek, she never
quarrels nor fusses,
But goes about her work with quiet and cheerful
contentment—
It matters not what it is, so long as she thinks it
her duty.



The Intermont



LUCILLE DURR TERRELL

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Applicant for A. A. Degree

Quiet, but by no means unheard of, for her
beauty is great and heart breaking;
And with attractions rare she rules o'er the hearts
of admirers.
In the athletic way, too, she is always most
nimble and graceful.
Offices many she held, and wisely performed all
her duties.
Sweet and gentle always, to her friends most true
and devoted.
Would that she might remain to brighten these
halls with her presence.

DORA L. VALENTINE

MT. AIRY, N. C.

Applicant for A. A. Degree and Domestic Art

As housewife she would be ideal, this industrious
maiden named Dora.
A teacher, too, she would make, for her gifts
are numerous and many.
The Seniors to order she called when o'er the
"Ped" class she presided,
And not a murmur was heard as they hearkened
unto her commandments.
In looks she is staid and demure, but then they
say looks are deceiving.



The Intermont



The Prophecy

REALITY

Leona is our singer,
And every one knows
She's full of music
From her head to her toes.

Silent? Grace "Cruik"
Sat on a nook,
All on an autumn day;
Along came a new girl,
And made her old heart whirl.
It still does, so they say.

There is a little girl, her name is Margaret Dills,
And when she gets mad her look it almost kills.
Her specialty is Expression, and in this she's just
fine;
So watch for her to become famous along this line.

Alma Goodyear, come take your place,
For another one is entering the race,
Contesting as to which can talk the most,—
And of this fact you always boast.

DREAMS





The Intermont



REALITY

DREAMS

Gary, Gary, quite solitary,
Where does your knowledge grow?
With Geology notes and History "goats,"
Where does your knowledge grow?



Audrey, who is so gentle and quiet,
And some might call her shy;
For she never gets mixed up into a riot,
No matter how hard to persuade her we try.



Gather your knowledge while it's time
Is evidently Gladys's motto.
For in any subject, Geology or Rhyme,
Is it necessary to study or not to?



Between a friend and adviser,
Ready to give her best to you,
We find Bess always waiting,
Patient, kind, and true.





The Intermont



REALITY

Margaret is so quiet around the house
That we needs must call her our little mouse;
But, as her grades will show,
Her brain is not the least bit slow.

Here's to Kathleen, our president,
Who for our demerits will repent.
She was born to rule and sway,
And always have her way.

Gaynelle is so cute and sly
She never could be called shy;
The stand I'm told,
Where pies are sold,
Has almost made her cry.

Little Miss Frances
Takes all kinds of chances,
But comes out in the lead.
She worked on this book,
And now you just look—
Don't you think it is good, indeed?

DREAMS





The Intermont



REALITY

Thasia Mayes, come sing your lays,
You know that you are able;
Come see the fun of holidays,
And leave your study table.

There was a girl in our school
Who was so wondrous wise,
She led her class in everything—
Ruth Mc.—College Algebra flies.

"Little Fish" Minter
Came here one winter
To learn all our Southern ways.
Along came the work,
Which she did not shirk,
And now she's a Senior, she says.

When it comes to playing and singing
Lura's voice you'll always hear ringing;
But her singing often ringing changes to a yell
For dear old W. & L.

DREAMS





The Intermont



REALITY

Kate Murrell met a squirrel
On the campus at old V. I.
Says Kate Murrell to the same squirrel,
"You're not half as cute as I."

Mary Glenn
Detests(?) the men.
How will her troubles ever end?
She reads, no amends,
I her recommend,
And now forever, Amen.

Alma Pond for a monitor is ideal,
We are sure some day authority she'll wield;
For the way in which those girls she does scold
Is enough to make you shiver and grow cold.

"Poolie" the tiny
Sat on the briny
Brink of Geology exam;
Along came submergence,
She wrote with divergence,
And gave the old book a slam.

DREAMS





The Intermont



REALITY

Velma from Mississippi hails,
Of this we are aware;
For like all the others from that state
It's their only subject, we declare.

From early morn to late at night
Edith studies *Vogue* with all her might;
Though very, very slender is she
A few pounds smaller she longs to be.

There's a tender spot in the heart of Lucille,
And of this spot 'tis my duty, I weal,
To tell. For when Cupid at last his bow does wield
We'll have her no more her French to spiel.

Dora is our swift girl,
She goes so very fast
That sometimes we wonder
How her energy does last.

DREAMS





The Intermont



REALITY

The little squirrel who met Katie Murrell
On the campus at old V. I.
Was Faye Quesenberry.
Now, answer my query:
"Can either be sweeter than I?"

"Gilly" is our only Smith,
Which name you'll never find in myth.
She dearly loves to portray
A monkey, so they say.

Ruth is a girl in our school,
Who is so dreadfully slow,
She can not even break a rule;
Energy wasted, you know.

DREAMS







The Intermont



Junior Class

Officers

SUSIE M. EASLEY.....	PRESIDENT
GRETCHEN HULSIZER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ETHEL DULANEY.....	SECRETARY-TREASURER

Junior Class Poem

When the Juniors' last days are over,
And the girls have finished and gone;
When the prettiest ones are married,
And the brilliant, careers have won;
We shall read, and faith we'll enjoy it—
The tales of our troubles and fears,
'Til the memory of our failures
Shall have passed to the limbo of tears.

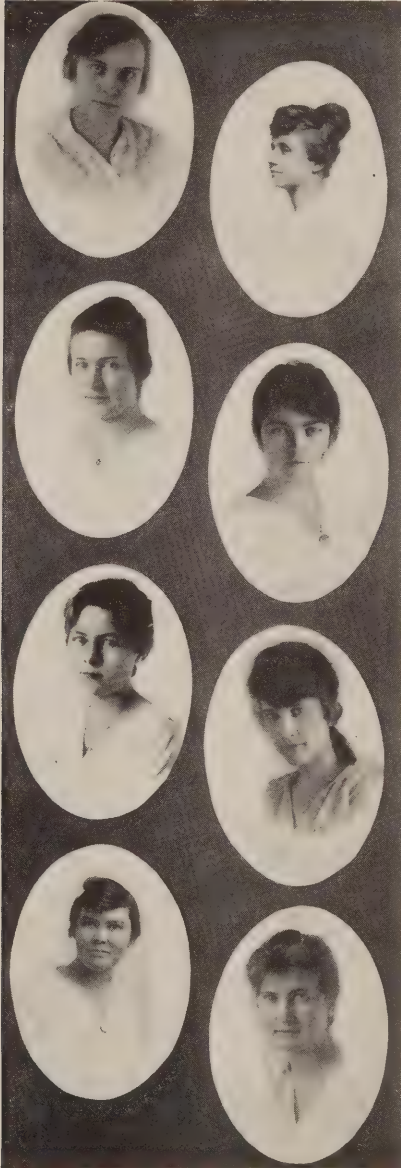
When the hard-won battles are ended,
In court, forum, and class;
When the honors have all been counted,
And every one shall pass
To the court of last approval,
Grim truth shall write each name
In front of the fadeless story
Of how *she* played *her* game.

For it isn't the big acts, comrades,
That tell of the stuff of your soul;
'Tis how you lay hold of the pieces
And beat them into a whole.
And the verdict shall be of the fairest,
You'll write it yourself, you know;
And of all who read it over
None will doubt when you say it's so.

E. H., '18.



The Intermont



KATHLYN ALLISON
BRISTOL, VA.

IRENE APPLING
WETUMKA, OKLA.

VIVIAN BROWN
MEADOW VIEW, VA.

ELLEN CARSON
MARION, N. C.

MYRTLE CARY
COURTLAND, MISS.

FELMA CLARK
BRISTOL, TENN.

LUCILLE CLOUSE
JONESVILLE, VA.

GRACE CRENSHAW
ABINGDON, VA.



The Intermont



BLANCHE WHITEMORE
TOLEDO, OHIO

JAMIE DUTTON
MEADOW VIEW, VA.

MARION FLIPPO
VICTORIA, VA.

FLORA GREER
ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

LUCY KENT HALL
CHATHAM, VA.

KATHERINE HARROP
EMMETT, VA.

RUTH HENDERSON
TUNICA, MISS.

STELLA HENDERSON
MEADOW VIEW, VA.



The Intermont



CHARLINE HESTER
CHASE CITY, VA.

EMMA HUNT
DECATUR, GA.

REBA JONES
BRISTOL, TENN.

MARGARET KING
WALLACE, VA.

CHARLENE LAGRONE
OKOLONA, MISS.

CLETUS LITTREAL
MEADOW VIEW, VA.

ETHEL MAYES
MOORESBURG, TENN.

GENORA McFADDIN
BENHAMS, VA.



The Intermont



STELLA MEEK
MEADOW VIEW, VA.

ANNIE MILLER
WISE, VA.

ANNIE BELLE PHILLIPS
BELLE PRAIRIE, MISS.

MARY POWERS
BRISTOL, TENN.

LUCY ROBERTSON
CUMBERLAND, VA.

MAUDE WALLACE
HONAKER, VA.

MARY ROBERTSON
CHASE CITY, VA.

CLEO RUSSELL
JONESVILLE, VA.



The Intermont



LUCY SANSOM
OKOLONA, MISS.

MARY SHANKEL
BRISTOL, VA.

KATHERINE SHELTON
PEARISBURG, VA.

JOSIE STATEN
BRISTOL, TENN.

EMMA WADDELL
VICTORIA, VA.

EDITH WAGNER
BRISTOL, VA.

LOUISE WALKER
SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

MARY ALMA WALKER
COURTLAND, MISS.



SOPHOMORE



The Intermont



Sophomore Class Poem

Adios, adios to the stupid dope,
And tedious conjugations.
Hurrah, hurrah, we have waded through
Our last examination.

Farewell, farewell to the chalky smell
Of cube root in mathematics;
We'll exchange our books for shady nooks,
And enjoy athletics.

Yes, adieu, dear teachers, adieu,
And classmates old and true.
We love each other well, but
At home we love them too.

Good-bye, good-bye to the desk, bon soir,
Badly scarred by our abuses;
Upon your surfaces we learned to trace
And square hypotenuses.

Auf Wiedersehen, the slate is clean;
We never shall remember
The half we have learned, so we'll return;
Adieu, then, 'til September.

K. S., '19.



The Intermont



Sophomores

COLORS: Maroon and White

Officers

MARY KEMPTON PLEASANTS.....	PRESIDENT
ESTHER ANGLE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FRANCES HESSE.....	SECRETARY
JOSIE PATTERSON.....	TREASURER

Class Roll

WILHELMINA AMIS
ESTHER ANGLE
HELEN BENNETT
THELMA CONEY
PAULINE FARRELL
MYRL GOUGH
FRANCES HESSE
VIRGINIA JOHNSON
JOSIE PATTISON
WILLIE PHILLIPS
MARY KEMPTON PLEASANTS
KATHERINE STATLER
CHARLOTTE SEWARD
VIRGINIA STONE
AUDREY TOWNES
VIVIAN VANN
MARY VIRGIN



The Infermont



SOPHOMORES



FRESHMAN



The Intermont



Freshman Class

Officers

FLOSSIE JARED.....PRESIDENT
VIRGINIA FRANCIS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
ALPHA GOUGH.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Class Roll

CYNTHIA ADDINGTON
LUCILE CAMPBELL
VIRGINIA FRANCIS
ALPHA GOUGH
ESTHER GRAVES
ERLINE HOWARD

FLOSSIE JARED
HELEN LITSINGER
HELEN PARK
MARY FRANCES PRICE
MATTIE PUCKETT
PEARL SHANKEL

Freshman Class Poem

The Freshman Class of V. I. C. are young and little folk,
But we care not. Why should we care? We're always on the dot,
We're ever ready, ever strong, and we can turn the spokes
That make the wheels of this old school go round and round, why not?

The Freshman Class of V. I. C.'s a bright and merry bunch;
When fun's on hand we're there and ready for a big affair;
And right here let us not forget our recent midnight lunch
And its results; last, but not least, the awful midnight scare.

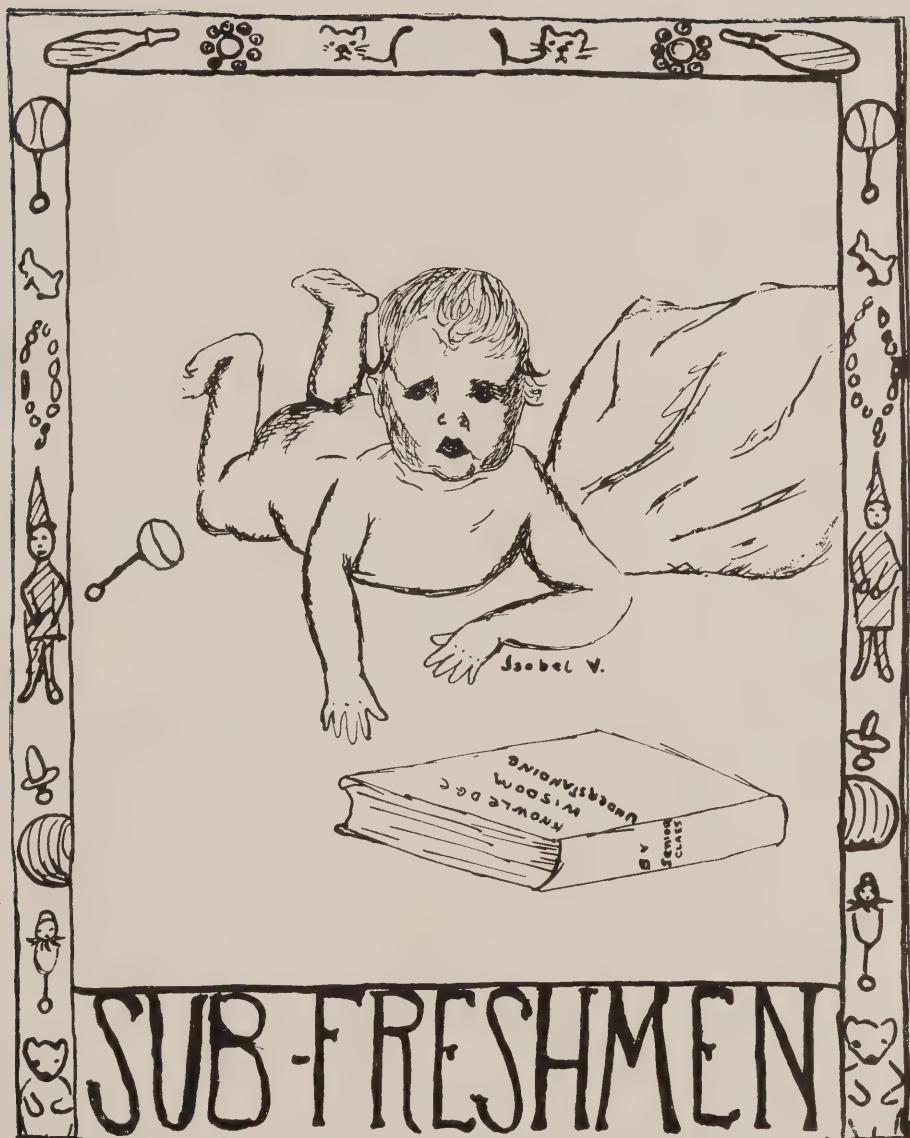
The Freshman Class of V. I. C. is fighter of the tribe.
Did we not show in basket-ball a long, long time ago
That we had strength, and courage too, spirit and mighty pride?
Even though we lost there's yet for us a greater, grander goal.



The Intermont



FRESHMEN



SUB-FRESHMEN



The Intermont



Sub-Freshman Class

Officers

VIOLETTE HOLT.....PRESIDENT
MARY TERRELL.....VICE-PRESIDENT
JANIE MAE WILLIS.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Class Roll

MARION CARLEY	ETHEL HURD
SALLIE DICKENSON	AILEEN OWENS
MARION FARRELL	ANGIA SHANKEL
NETTIE BELLE HOAR	TRIXIE STEVENSON
VIOLETTE HOLT	DORIS TERRELL
PEARL HOWARD	MARY TERRELL

JANIE MAE WILLIS

Sub-Fresh Poem

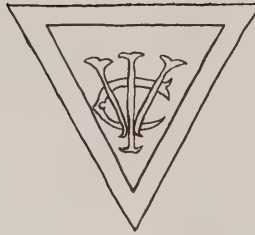
We have put our feet on the ladder's round,
Our eyes are lifted above the ground;
Our minds reach out to things sublime,
And upward ever,
We climb! We climb!

Blue and gold we have stamped on our shield,
Fidelity and worth are the thoughts they yield.
Through all the years that measure time
We'll raise our standard,
And toward it climb.

Fall we may, and stumble we must,
But no true climber remains in the dust.
Our heart's in our task and our soul's in our rhyme,
That sings forever,
We climb! We climb!



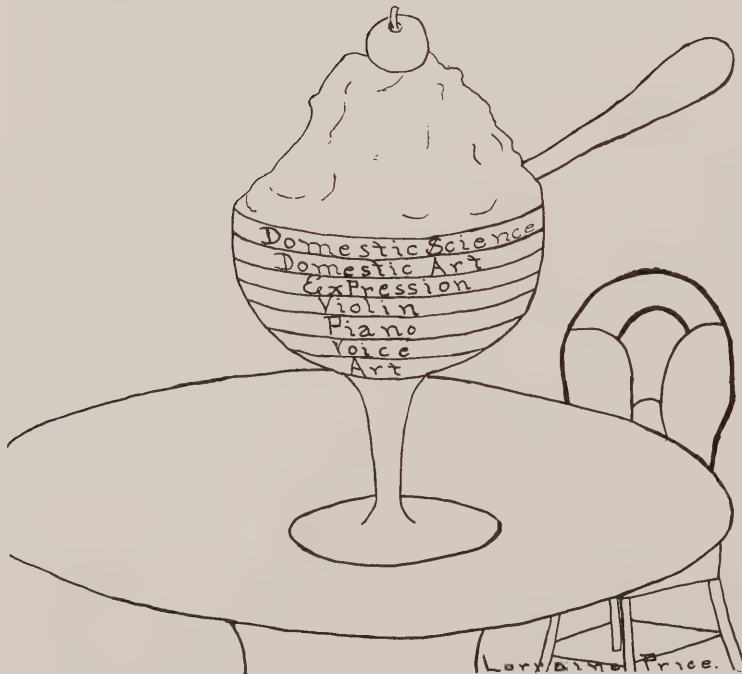
SUB-FRESHMEN



Club
Sandwiches

Nut
Sundae.

V. I.
SPECIAL





The Intermont



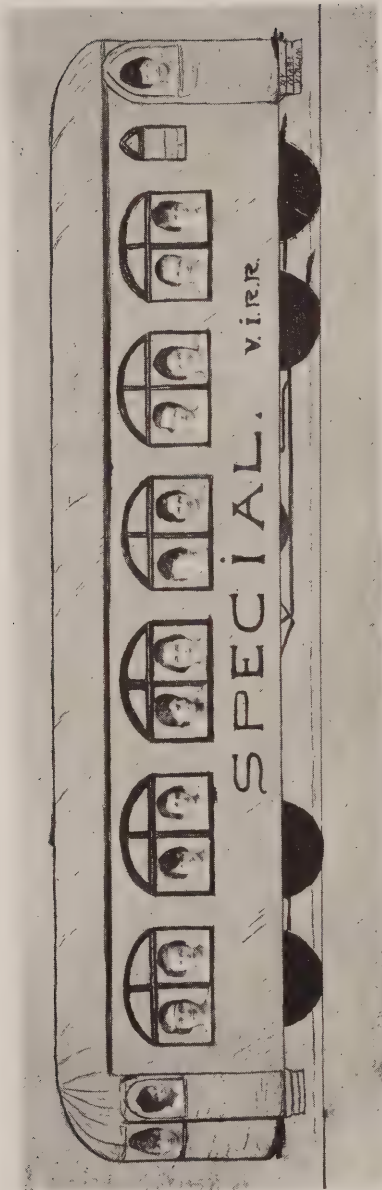
Special Class

Officers

MYRTLE BOWLING.....	PRESIDENT
MYRTLE GILLEY.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
FLORA BOGGS.....	SECRETARY
CLARA McCORKLE.....	TREASURER

Members

MYRTLE BOWLING.....	Man bluffer
FLORA BOGGS.....	Fine ball player
MYRTLE GILLEY.....	Most gifted
CLARA McCORKLE.....	Charming maiden
EDNA MAE HARRISON.....	Ever happy
PALMIRA CARBAJAL.....	Positively conceited
VIVIAN McLEMORE.....	Very mysterious
DORIS CHITWOOD.....	Dog'on cute
LENA EDWARDS.....	Life everlasting
MARY DEJARNETTE.....	Most devoted
ELLEN TERRILL.....	Eloquent talker
LORRAINE PRICE.....	Little poser
LUCY HEDGECOCK.....	Lost humbug
ALICE MAHONEY.....	Always meek
YIU FONG LEUNG.....	Young linguist
ESTELLE DUDLEY.....	Ever devotional
CHRISTINE HOLLOWAY.....	Cunning heart-breaker



SPECIAL CLASS



The Border Episode

I



HE tropical sun shone brazenly down upon the Custom House at the Texas end of the International Bridge, where Lieutenant Channing and his squad of khaki-clad soldiers lounged in the scant shade offered by the framework. The hours, as though themselves oppressed, dragged slowly by, and, except for the inspection of a few dirty, poorly-clad peons, Inspector Keith had had little to do but chat with the lieutenant.

Presently Lieutenant Channing turned to him and laughingly remarked, "Get your stamp ready, old boy, there's a lone steer headed this way. Looks a trifle more sanitary than the other greasers who've visited us to-day."

The lithe figure now approaching covered the intervening distance rapidly yet without apparent effort, and, as he drew nearer, the two men noted a figure of medium height, lean yet muscular, with the swarthy complexion and features of a typical Mexican of the better class. Eyes somber and inscrutable looked out from beneath the broad sombrero, but the pose of the figure was graceful as it halted in obedience to a sign from the inspector.

"Buenas tardes," greeted the stranger.

Keith nodded, then, without further parley, "Have you been vaccinated?"

"Si, señor," and the Mexican extended a certificate duly official, but which showed much handling.

The brows of the inspector knit sternly above his keen grey eyes. "Show your arm," came the laconic command.

"Surely, the señor asks too much. The paper tells." The face still remained impassive, but tones and gestures showed impatience.

"Either show your scar or turn back."

"But, señor, it is of necessity I go. It will not wait."

"Now, see here, it is useless to argue. You'll show your arm or go back. That certificate's no good. It's been used before."

For an instant the Mexican glanced furtively about as though seeking some avenue of escape, then, with compressed lips and eyes in which one caught a gleam as of smouldering fire, bared an arm whose swelling muscles showed no scar.



The Intermont



The vaccination over Keith reached for the rubber stamp which registered indelibly upon the arm both place and date of vaccination. Quick as a flash the somber eyes seemed to scintillate—the fire burst forth and the emotionless mask gave place to a countenance distorted by malignant hate and fury. The lean brown hand extended, whose fingers a moment since might have twanged love notes from the light guitar for some dusky señorita, now gripped the palm until the knuckles showed white beneath their dark skin. Ere the stamp could descend, like lightning flash his free right arm, a gleam of steel in the sunshine—a gasp of astonishment from the inspector—a half-smothered curse from the Mexican, as Lieutenant Channing with one hand wrenched the weapon from his grasp and with the other placed his revolver on line with the snapping eyes.

A quick command to his soldiers, who, with leveled guns, surrounded the Mexican, and Lieutenant Channing coolly picked up the stamp bringing it down upon the forearm with a force that left it quivering.

Like some wild animal at bay, the man stood glaring at his captors.

“Let the greaser go, Channing. He isn’t worth killing; besides, it’s a mere scratch,” said Keith.

“Let him go, the devil! I’d rather turn a rattler loose.”

At the sharp command of their officer the men lowered their rifles and the Mexican, lest they regret their clemency, slipped swiftly from the bridge and entered the town. Soon his easy stride carried him beyond gunshot, and the fury which possessed his soul burst forth. So stormy was the outburst that a group of half-naked little peons fled for refuge to a near-by adobe hut and peered curiously out like rabbits from their burrow.

At length the gesticulation and raving subsided.

“Ah, solado, José Queretaro never forgets! Branded like cattle! It is not enough that you steal our land, gringos, you of the United States; but, when we must enter your accursed country, you brand the arm! The solado, Channing, he shall pay.”

II

The steady downpour from the leaden skies had left no trace upon the arid sand. Only the arroyos in the distance, with their swift waters, bore testimony to the recent deluge as Lieutenant Channing, several days later, cantered briskly from Fort McIntosh.

Intent upon his mission he rode through the narrow streets paying little heed to his surroundings. Water carriers with their two-wheeled carts drawn by shaggy burros, oxen in patient pairs pulling heavy loads of cactus, street vendors crying their wares, gave place, as he left the town, to irrigated fields of lettuce and onions.



The Intermont



Just where the fields merged into a tangle of underbrush, mesquite, and thorny cactus, the rider overtook a solitary pedestrian, a Mexican, who covered the ground with swift, easy strides. Scarcely noting the wayfarer, but with eyes thoughtfully gazing straight ahead, Channing allowed his horse to fall into a leisurely gait, while the figure just passed left the road and followed a narrow path barely discernible amid the undergrowth.

Soon the sound of swiftly flowing water roused the lieutenant from his reverie, and he found himself beside the Great Arroyo, paused a moment upon the brink, and then plunged boldly in.

Breasting the flood with difficulty, his horse bore him slowly onward, while on the opposite bank a figure crouched, its lean, brown fingers gripping a revolver.

Reports in rapid succession broke in upon the noise of the stream and bullets spat vengefully upon its surface as the horse, scrambling up the slippery bank, bore his rider to safety.

Blind with rage and cursing under his breath the Mexican plunged madly forward, nor heeded a warning, given not once, but twice.

As Lieutenant Channing drew near the fort, clear upon the sultry air rang out the call of a bugle. As though but an echo, another bugle and yet another took up the call and the troops, answering their summons, in ordered lines assembled where the flag floated—a flash of color beneath the sky. Silhouetted against the sky, the rider paused, while the strains of the “Star-Spangled Banner” swelled in rich harmony. Then, as the flag came slowly to rest, with the boom of the cannon, he, though afar, saluted with his comrades.

The sun dropped suddenly below the horizon, the afterglow faded slowly from the sky, leaving a dusky twilight. One lone star appeared in the evening sky while from afar came the weird howl of a coyote. Prone upon the sand, with distorted features and tightly clenched hands, lay a lone figure, while trailing their insidious length along the rattler and his mate disappeared among the underbrush.

GLADYS C. HUFFARD.



The Intermont



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ASSISTANT EDITOR

ALMA GOODYEAR
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The Inermont



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The Intermont



Student Government

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GRACE CRUIKSHANK.....	PRESIDENT
BLANCHE WHITEMORE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
BESS KING.....	SECRETARY
GILBERTA SMITH.....	Second-Floor Proctor
KATHLEEN LITZ.....	Third-Floor Proctor
LUCY KENT HALL.....	Fourth-Floor Proctor
LUCILLE TERRELL.....	Senior Representative
GRETCHEN HULSIZER.....	Junior Representative
ESTHER ANGLE.....	Sophomore Representative
VIOLETTE HOLT.....	Sub-Freshman Representative
CYNTHIA ADDINGTON.....	Freshman Representative
MYRTLE BOWLING.....	Special Representative



ONE year has now passed since Student Government was inaugurated in V. I. C., during which time great advances have been made. No system of any kind can be installed in any place in a mature, developed condition; but must have its beginning, its foundation, its development, its ups, and its downs. It must have time for gradual growth; and, though we have had reverses in abundance, yet in the long run we are coming out ahead.

The Honor System and Intermont College are becoming synonymous terms. Not only are we developing honor in our own girls and respect for authority, but we are even now attracting the attention



The Intermont



Student Government

Second Term Officers

KATHLEEN LITZ.....	PRESIDENT
BLANCHE WHITEMORE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
VELMA REEDER.....	SECRETARY
GILBERTA SMITH.....	Second-Floor Proctor
GRACE CRUIKSHANK.....	Third-Floor Proctor
LUCY KENT HALL.....	Fourth-Floor Proctor
BESS KING.....	Senior Representative
ETHEL MAYES.....	Junior Representative
WILHELMINA AMIS.....	Sophomore Representative
CYNTHIA ADDINGTON.....	Freshman Representative
JANIE MAE WILLIS.....	Sub-Freshman Representative
MYRTLE BOWLING.....	Special Representative

of other schools. Our organization is worked out about as completely as possible. The three officers, President, Vice-President, and Secretary, together with the three proctors and a representative from each class, make up the Executive Board.

Building on the good foundation that has now been laid, with honor as the corner-stone, each student should let her coöperation be as a corner-stone, so that one resting on the other may in time produce the perfect whole, a building that will not perish, for it is built of material that is eternal.



The Intermont



Y. W. C. A.

Officers

GILBERTA SMITH	PRESIDENT
RUTH E. SUTHERLAND	VICE-PRESIDENT
FAYE M. QUESENBERRY	SECRETARY
GAYNELLE LOCKHART	TREASURER

Members

MARGARET MINTER
KATHLEEN LITZ
ALMA POND
FLORA GREER
EMMA HUNT

BESS KING
GRACE POOLE
GRACE CRUIKSHANK
KATE MURRELL
MYRTLE BOWLING



The Intermont



Y. W. C. A.



HE Young Women's Christian Association has for many years been the leading religious organization of our school, and we are more than proud of the religious feeling and the noble thoughts that it has instilled into the hearts of the many girls who have gone out into the world from this institution. The interest, which has been more marked than ever this year, has made the weekly meetings a time when all could come together and worship God in a devout and impressive manner.

This organization has adopted a little baby girl, who is known as "Our Baby." It is the intention of the girls to educate Virginia Isabelle Carrington at this school when she becomes old enough to enter college. She is now in a private home and is supported by the organization.

In many other ways, especially in Home Missions, Foreign Missions, and charity work in Bristol, the association has always been a willing helper; and the memory of the sacrifices and work of the members will always, through the coming years, be a ruling factor in the religious spirit of this school.



VIRGINIA ISABELLE CARRINGTON



The Intermont



Rules and Regulations

1. Be sure to wear middies to dinner.
2. On rainy days make every effort to go to town, and under no circumstances wear overshoes or carry umbrella.
3. As many girls as possible be sure to sit on steps and wall at gate. Improves the appearance.
4. Make all noise possible in halls; great aid to study.
5. Wear bedroom slippers on all occasions.
6. Never hesitate to shoot things across the table. It saves so much trouble.
7. Make it a point never to be in your room during study hour.
8. Always congregate in the halls after light bell.
9. Fill the walls with tacks; makes the room much more attractive.
10. Always express your feelings freely to all members of the Executive Board.
11. Never go to church, and, if you do, avoid sitting in V. I. pews.
12. Go to Everett's whenever you choose.
13. Under-classmen, notice! On afternoon walks always go to the little store. It helps the groceryman.
14. Always speak to every male you see—improves your conversational powers.
15. Avoid getting up before 7:30, as you'll get to breakfast on time if you do.
16. Eat as much as possible at midnight feasts.
17. Be sure to hang out of window and wave to all passers-by.
18. Cut classes when it suits you. Gives teachers chance to take nap.
19. Don't worry about what you have to wear. Just borrow from your neighbors.





The Intermont



The Basket-Ball Season

Schedule

Sophomore-Freshman won vs. Senior-Special.....	9	7
Juniors won vs. Senior-Special.....	21	17
Juniors won vs. Sophomore-Freshman.....	26	16



WHEN the call for basket-ball applicants was issued, seven of last year's players reported for practice. Classes were organized, and the new members, together with the old players, showed there was to be a strong fight between the interclass teams.

The first game was played between Senior-Special and Sophomore-Freshman. The Seniors toiled tremendously hard and surprised the whole school as well as themselves by the fight they put up against the Sophomore-Freshmen. "Pal" got first goal, but soon "Kemp" got busy; and at the end of game the score was 9-7.

On the following day the Senior-Specials played the Juniors. Inspired by the fight of the first day they went on just determined to win, and at the end of the first half the score was a tie. Excitement! The spectators were aghast. In the second half came the downfall of the Senior-Specials. After a few minutes of hard fighting the Juniors came out victorious with a score of 21-17. Sansom showed wonderful skill, and won the game.

This left the Soph-Fresh and Juniors to decide which one should be fortunate enough to win the Noffsinger Trophy Cup.

The game was played at the Y. M. C. A., and a large crowd of Bristol people was there. The spectators proved as enthusiastic as the Intermont girls. The whistle blew—the game began—we held our breaths—goal—who should put it in but Sansom!—this started the game in Juniors' favor. The Soph-Fresh, whose teamwork is decidedly the best in school, played with all their might, but Sansom got the ball in spite of all guarding, and away into the basket it went.

The Juniors were victorious with a score of 26-16. Again the cup stayed in the College, and it was presented on Trophy Evening, January 29th, by Judge Kelly, to



The Intermont



Miss Emma Hunt, captain of Junior Team. The Expression Class gave a most enjoyable little play, "Captain Joe," directed by Miss Nunnally.

Here's to the Seniors,
Who stand ahead in all;
Except they're sometimes beaten
When playing basket-ball.

Here's to the Junior Class,
A class of worthy fame.
Who fought with might and main,
And won the Cup again.

Here's to the Soph-Freshmen,
Whose teamwork can't be beat.
If only they had a Sansom
They'd never suffered defeat.

Here's to the Cup,
For which they all have tried;
But Junior Team stood ahead,
When the final score was cried.





The Intermont



Senior-Special Team

LUCILLE TERRELL, *Captain*

GRACE CRUIKSHANK.....	CENTER
CHARLIE TALIAFERRO.....	SECOND CENTER
LORRAINE PRICE.....	FORWARD
PALMIRA CARBAJAL.....	FORWARD
LUCILLE TERRELL.....	GUARD
PAULINE SHUMAKER.....	GUARD



Junior Champions

EMMA HUNT, *Captain*

ETHEL MAYES.....	CENTER
GRACE CRENSHAW.....	SECOND CENTER
LUCY SANSOM.....	FORWARD
FELMA CLARK.....	FORWARD
CLEO RUSSELL.....	GUARD
EMMA HUNT.....	GUARD



The Intermont



Sophomore-Freshman Team

FLOSSIE JARED, *Captain*

HELEN BENNETT	CENTER
MARY FRANCES PRICE	SECOND CENTER
JOSIE PATTISON	GUARD
CYNTHIA ADDINGTON	GUARD
KEMP PLEASANTS	FORWARD
FLOSSIE JARED	FORWARD
FRANCES HESSE	SUBSTITUTE
HELEN PARKS	SUBSTITUTE
VIRGINIA JOHNSON	SUBSTITUTE



The Intermont



Sub-Freshman Team

JANIE MAE WILLIS, *Captain*

JANIE MAE WILLIS.....	CENTER
PEARL HOWARD.....	SECOND CENTER
NETTIE BELLE HOAR.....	FORWARD
VIOLETTE HOLT.....	FORWARD
DORIS TERRELL.....	GUARD
ISABELLE VIRGIN.....	GUARD



The Intermont



TENNIS CLUBS



Gameplane



SPRING had come at last and the old earth was just waking from a long dream. The call of the newly-born flowers, budding trees, singing birds, and, above all, the call of the mountains of Virginia, awoke the wanderlust in our bones. Life indoors was becoming unbearable. But this did not have any power to move the time up when we should be free from work.

The instructor in Geology lectured on as if Spring had not yet come. While we dwelt bodily with theories, hypotheses and fossils, we dwelt mentally in a different place. In our minds we were hunting arbutus on the slopes of the "Knobs" and admiring the beauty of nature in her new attire.

The subject of the lecture on this particular day was the origin of the earth's formation. The hypotheses were discussed, theories advanced, and it seemed as if we created a hundred planets. The class was listening intently and gaining nothing. The instructor continued in her usual, scientific manner:

"The hypotheses upon which the origin of the earth is based are three: namely, the gaseous hypothesis, the meteoric hypothesis, and the planetesimal hypothesis."

And then she began an elaborate discussion of the hypotheses, never omitting any details, and always giving arguments for and against all three.

A new planet had been formed by the regulations of the planetesimal hypothesis. It seemed as if nobody knew how long the formation had been taking place and the scientific world was astounded by the appearance. There was life on this new planet and it was thought that people could go up to Gameplane (this was the name given the planet by scientists).

The rarest thing possible happened at this very moment. I had a thought. My thought grew into an idea and my idea grew into a plan. I forgot the instructor and the lecture. My mind planned a trip to the planet, and such was possible.

Father had given me a Curtis biplane for my birthday and had consented for me to bring it to "Intermont" on the condition that I would never attempt flight unless an aviator accompanied me. But my curiosity conquered reason that day, and, since I could handle the machine with a little skill, I decided to get the biplane out and steal away to Gameplane.



The Intermont



There was an aviator in Bristol who had been my instructor, so he put my machine to severe test and found it in perfect order. By bribes he was persuaded to come up and give me a start, so that when I left no one would question my flight.

"Intermont" hill was one of the best places in the state for a start, and, when he had rolled the machine out and given me a start, he hid behind the house, leaving the impression that he had gone with me. At exactly four minutes past two the biplane left earth. By scientific calculations it would take all night to reach the planet. The supposition of scientists, too, was that this planet had day and night exactly when the earth did so I would arrive at a very good time.

Would not everybody be upset when dinner time came and my place at the German table was vacant? No, they would be curious to know where I was, and the faculty would be saying, "I wonder what on earth she is up to now!" I wasn't up to anything on earth; I was on my way to Gameplane. I just thought of earth as I sailed on through the air, the machine purring like a cat before a good fire. My facilities of consideration for other people were dulled by my extensive curiosity and desire for adventure, and the longing to bring back some fossils from the planet to start the long-wished-for geological museum at "Intermont."

The trip from the earth was one of great pleasure and each moment was filled with a new and more exciting experience than the last. Perhaps the most interesting part of the trip was the gradual disappearance of the earth. First, "Intermont" hill vanished, then Bristol, and then by degrees the earth was entirely lost from sight, and in its stead appeared an exceedingly bright star. Should I attempt to describe the entire trip, my story would contain nothing except the trip. I must omit further details and tell you how I landed and what I saw.

It was just seven o'clock when the planet began to grow more distinct in the distance. I watched it as eagerly as a sailor watches a small piece of land after months of storm and rough sailing. The only disturbance now was the landing. It would never do to land on a skyscraper or in some suburbanite's garden. The people must not be angered by my intrusion. I watched closely for a landing and as I drew nearer I saw a clear, green spot and chose this for my landing.

What kind of creatures would I find? Would I land in some desolate section and be devoured by a bear? The latter was solved because I could see a city near the green spot. Many such thoughts crowded my brain, but I banished them all and left my course in the hands of fate.

During my whole life I had been partial to fate and this time I was glad that I let fate rule my course. The biplane landed on the golf course of a country club. I was



The Intermont



astonished to find a club on this planet, because I had expected waste and hideous monsters living in caves along with an abundance of fossils. My air castles were torn down. The skies were blue, the club like any club, golf was a pastime, all of the buildings were like those to which I was accustomed and everything seemed like Mother Earth. I went up to the club very confident in myself (one of my many faults) and greeted the first creature I met. Alas, my disappointment! For he was as much like every man as he could be, and I had expected real curiosities. Only one thing surprised me. Instead of speaking all English, he spoke one word of French, one word of German and one of English. I wondered why he seemed to grasp some things I said. But when he asked me, "Que wünschen you?" the mystery was solved. Since I knew a little of all three languages I made fair progress.

After a short conversation he put the biplane in a house and told me that he would have it put in perfect running order for my return trip. Then I left him and made my way toward the city.

My disappointment upon reaching the city still haunts me. Instead of a place of curiosities and marvels there was just a regular earth-like city. There were mountains all around the city just like the mountains of Virginia which surround Bristol. The city was spotlessly clean and the jabber of the natives made it unique.

I was beginning to realize that I was hungry, so I asked the first policeman I saw to direct me to a good hotel. He bowed very politely and led the way to a hotel. Everything seemed so much like our hotels on earth that I looked around and felt at home. Nobody seemed to regard me as a monster, but rather as a curiosity, since they were not accustomed to seeing women in aviator's togs.

When it was almost dinner time the maid arrived, and announced that dinner was ready in the private dining room for the guest who had recently arrived from earth. So right here the admirable trait of hospitality in the planet people asserted itself.

As soon as dinner was over I went on the veranda to view the surroundings. Few people were bold enough to address me, which I felt was another admirable trait; for should a person from Gameplane come down to earth, we would almost devour him for news and newspaper items. The veranda faced a prosperous looking street, and as I stood there trying to place a similar site, a line of students in uniform came by on their way down town. It came to me like a flash. This place was like Bristol, and there was a college, with girls who went in line and wore uniform.

Fossils were my next thought. How disappointed the instructor in Geology would be because I had gotten no fossils for the museum! This certainly was no place to find fossils, and then the museum, too, took its airy form. After all, I could not give to that



The Intermont



airy void a "local habitation and a name." I had no time for musing, but must get out and see the sights.

As I turned to enter the hotel an interesting looking lady stopped me and asked me, with much cordiality, if I would like to go for a walk. Walking was one of my hobbies, so I willingly consented. When we had gotten our hats and started out of the hotel, our direction worried us, so we turned thumbs, and the route indicated lay straight up from the hotel. I could see that my companion was pleased, and later she told me that there was something further on which she wished me to see.

The streets were almost immaculate, and there was a clear, shining crystal of a stream running through the city about two blocks from the hotel. This stream added much to the beauty of the city. The streets through which we walked were shaded and the lawns of the homes were well kept.

The only objection to the walk was the hills. The streets were just a succession of hills, but this was not very tiring, since I was accustomed to climbing so many hills on my way from town to "Intermont." The more we walked the more familiar things became again. I was sure that I was on my way to "Intermont," but when I conversed with my guide I was convinced that I wasn't on earth. She began to ask me questions about the earth, and from my answers she drew the conclusion that the two planets were quite similar.

Could it be possible that this was the first time a person from earth had come to the planet? Before I left earth *The Herald-Courier* stated that no one had been to the planet, and even the bravest scientists dared not go because they had no idea of conditions there. Here I was, perfectly at home, on this strange planet and liking it much better than the earth, because these people had combined English, French and German culture and beauty. Everything showed traces of these three elements, and if our earth had all three of these it would be as near ideal as Gameplane.

Our conversation now turned to science, and evolution was the subject of our discussion. My guide was a brilliant woman and my poor mind profited by her expostulation. Evolution was a subject of vital importance to the people on the planet. She told me an item of interest! There was a complete history of the evolution of man in the college museum and no missing link. We were now on our way to this college and she was going to show me through the museum. I would have the missing-link problem solved, and I could go back to earth and tell the scientific world something. Tell them what the missing link was and why they had never found it. At last my information would be of value to somebody. My dream would be realized and I would be of scientific fame.



The Intermont



While our conversation was at a most interesting point, I was conscious of entering a big building. I was too excited to notice the surroundings. We entered the building by a big front doorway, and I felt strange because I was entering the building by the front. In the reception hall we were met by a tall, dignified man, and my comrade introduced him as the college president. He politely said that he would conduct us over the grounds.

At first we went to the swimming pool and new gymnasium. There was also a new dormitory being built for the college. This was a very handsome structure and had been given by interested patrons. The main building was almost like "Intermont."

Wonder seized me, and I was curious to know what college this could be, so ideal and yet so earth-like. I asked the president what was the name of his college, and he answered my question with a question:

"Have you never seen a place on earth like this?"

Now how did he know I was an "Intermont" student? My thoughts went to my school, and here was its image on Gameplane.

"This is greater 'Intermont'," he said, "with its million-dollar plant. I am the only creature who has ever been down to earth, and I landed in the United States. Nobody knew that I was from this planet, and when I learned that you spoke English entirely, I spoke English. I traveled, looking for a plan for my school, and was so impressed with your school in Bristol. The name of the school was 'Intermont.' I got the plans from your president and returned to build my school."

I know my surprise was evident, but I could not speak. Everything was ideal, and I was almost determined to stay and go to school here. But then I thought of my own "Intermont," with its endowment, and wanted to return.

My comrade now conducted me to the museum. Here I saw the complete history of evolution and looked at the fossils of the missing link. While I was looking the instructor came in, and she looked so much like my earthly instructor that I wanted to embrace her. She talked to us a short while and then led my guide into an adjoining laboratory. The feeling of desertion stole over me. I felt alone—dreadfully alone.

When I awoke everybody had left the class room. I could not place myself for a long time. Then it came to me suddenly. I had slept during the entire lecture and for some time over. The instructor had not disturbed my slumber, but doubtless my class grade will be disturbed.

GILBERTA SINCLAIR SMITH, '17.

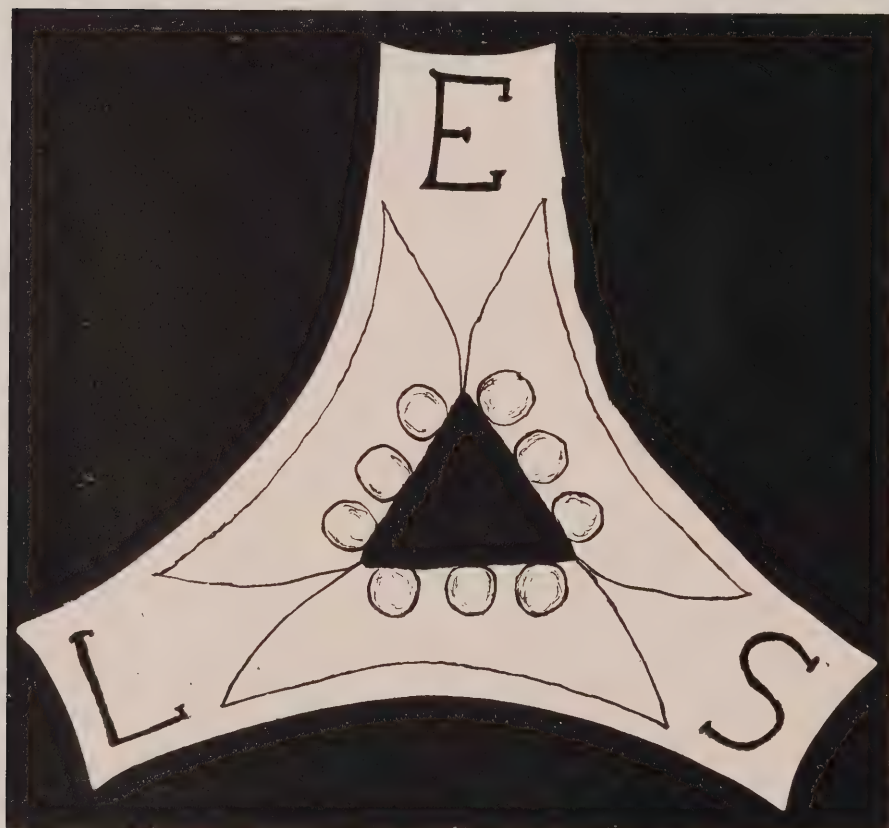




SOCIETIES



The Intermont





The Intermont



Eoline Literary Society

First Term Officers

LUCILLE TERRELL.....	PRESIDENT
FRANCES MASON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
RUTH SUTHERLAND.....	SECRETARY
BESS KING.....	TREASURER

Second Term Officers

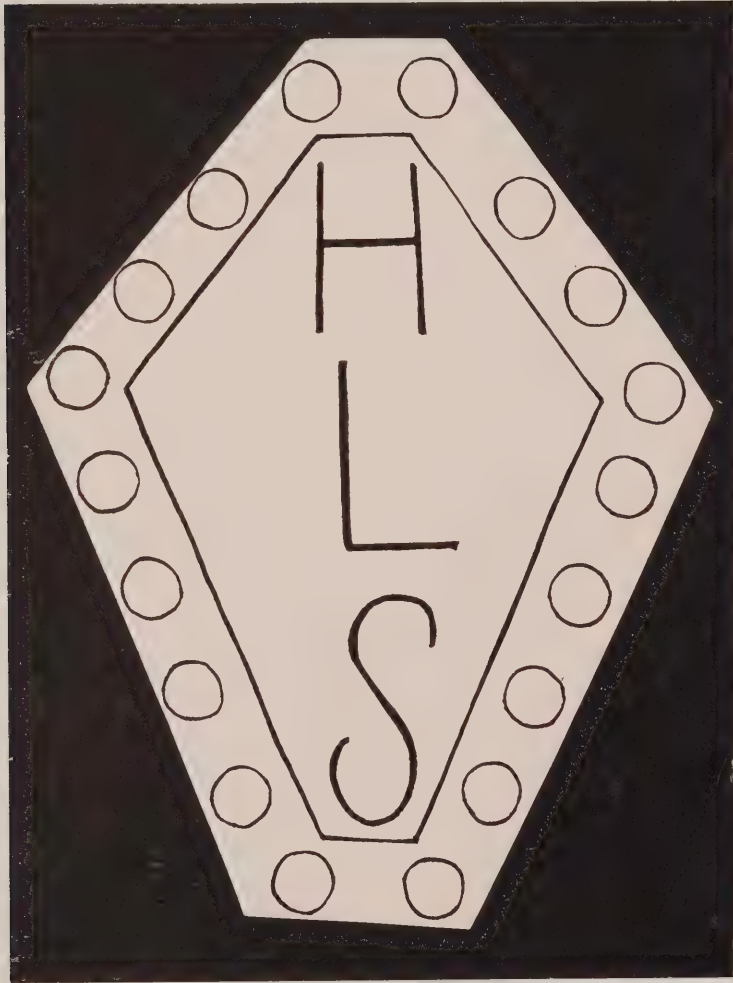
VELMA REEDER.....	PRESIDENT
EDITH RICH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ALPHA GOUGH.....	SECRETARY
WILHELMINA ARNIS.....	TREASURER

Third Term Officers

GRACE CRUIKSHANK.....	PRESIDENT
(Other Officers not yet elected)	



The Intermont





Harrisonian Literary Society

First Term Officers

FAYE QUESENBERRY.....	PRESIDENT
FLORA GREER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ALMA GOODYEAR.....	SECRETARY
ESTELLE DUDLEY.....	TREASURER

Second Term Officers

GAYNELLE LOCKHART.....	PRESIDENT
BLANCHE WHITTEMORE.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
MAUDE WALLACE.....	SECRETARY
THASIA MAYES.....	TREASURER

Third Term Officers

THASIA MAYES.....	PRESIDENT
-------------------	-----------

(Other Officers not yet elected)



The Intermont



Virginia Club

Officers

MAUDE WALLACE PRESIDENT
GAYNELLE LOCKHART VICE-PRESIDENT
SUSIE EASLEY SECRETARY-TREASURER

Members

CYNTHIA ADDINGTON	LENA EDWARDS	BESS KING	MATTIE PUCKETT
ESTHER ANGLE	MARION FLIPPO	MARGARET KING	LUCY ROBERTSON
WILHELMINA AMIS	VIRGINIA FRANCIS	MARGARET LITTREAL	MARY ROBERTSON
FLORA BOGGS	MYRL GOUGH	CLETUS LITTREAL	CLEO RUSSELL
VIVIAN BROWN	ALPHA GOUGH	GAYNELLE LOCKHART	LOUISE SEALE
GRACE CRENSHAW	MYRTLE GILLEY	FRANCES MASON	CHARLOTTE SEWARD
DORIS CHITWOOD	FLORA GREER	CLARA MCCORKLE	KATHERINE SHELTON
LUCILLE CLOUSE	LUCY HEDGECK	GENORA MCFADDIN	GILBERTA SMITH
RACHAEL CRAFT	LUCY KENT HALL	VIVIAN MCLEMORE	MARY TERRELL
GRACE CRUIKSHANK	RUTH HENDERSON	STELLA MEEK	MARY VIRGIN
MARY DEJARNETTE	CHARLENE HESTER	ANNA MILLER	ISABELLE VIRGIN
SALLIE DICKENSON	PEARL HOWARD	ALMA POND	EMMA WADDELL
SUSIE EASLEY	VIRGINIA JOHNSON	ELEANOR POND	LOUISE WALKER

MAUDE WALLACE



The Intermont



Officers

VELMA REEDER PRESIDENT
EDITH RICH VICE-PRESIDENT

Members

MYRTLE CARY
THELMA CONEY
EDNA MAE HARRISON

RUTH HENDERSON
ERLINE HOWARD
CHARLINE LAGRONE
LURA MINYARD

JOSIE PATTISON
MARY KEMPTON PLEASANTS
ANNA BELLE PHILLIPS
MARY ALMA WALKER

LUCY SANSOM
AUDREY TOWNES
JANIE MAE WILLIS



The Intermont



Tennessee Club

MOTTO: Sincerity and success

COLORS: Yellow and White

FLOWER: Daisy

Officers

FLOSSIE JARED.....PRESIDENT
LUCILLE TERRELL.....VICE-PRESIDENT

Members

ESTELLE DUDLEY
ESTHER GRAVES
FLOSSIE JARED
KATHLEEN LITZ

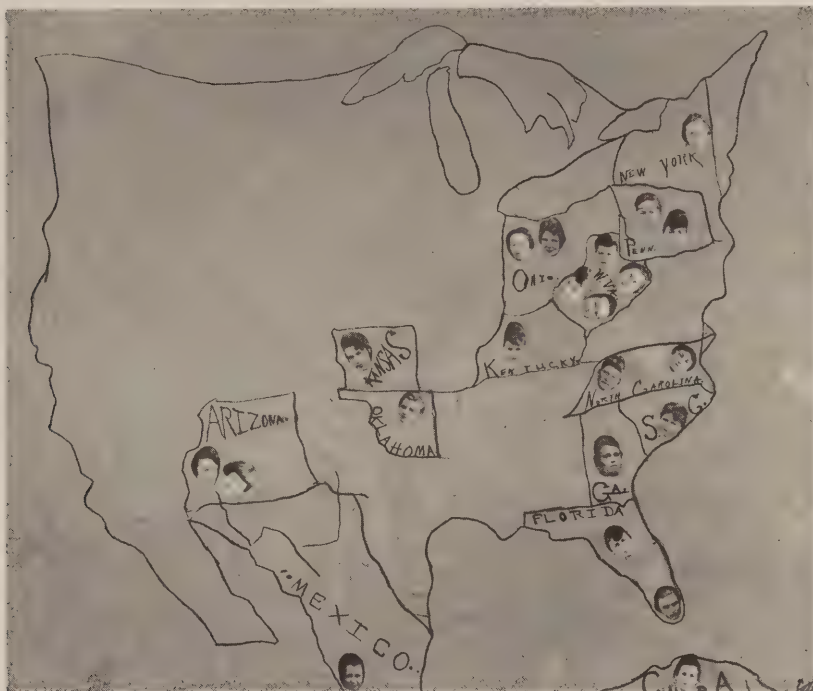
THASIA MAYES
ETHEL MAYES
KATE MURRELL
ALLEEN OWENS

HELEN PARK
MARY GLENN PHILLIPS
LORRAINE PRICE
MARY FRANCES PRICE

RUTH SUTHERLAND
LUCILLE TERRELL
CHARLIE TALIAFERRO
VIVIAN VANN



The Intermont



Stragglers

Officers

FAYE QUESENBERRY.....	PRESIDENT
GRETCHEN HULSIZER.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
PAULINE FARRELL.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

WILHELMINA AMIS	MARION FARRELL	FRANCES HESSE	FAYE QUESENBERRY
IRENE APPLING	PAULINE FARRELL	NETTIE BELLE HOAR	KATHERINE STATLER
MYRTLE BOWLING	ALMA GOODYEAR	HELEN LITSINGER	TRIXIE STEVENSON
PALMIRA CARBAJAL	VIOLETTE HOLT	YIU FONG LEUNG	DORA VALENTINE
MARION CARLEY	GRETCHEN HULSIZER	MARGARET MINTER	BLANCHE WHITEMORE



The Intermont



Curry

We sing the health of the Curry Club,
The club with ideals high and pure;
The club that stands for happiness
And virtues that endure.

We learn that to appreciate
Is better than to criticize;
And that from deep and loving thought
Expression doth arise.

We strive to bring into accord
The voice and body, mind and heart,
That we may live and love and give
The best within us through our art.

Club

The club that knocks out muddled thought,
And knocks in thinking clear and fine;
And yet unkindly "knocking"
Would be farthest from our mind.

We learn that insincerity
And sham will never reach the goal;
We knock out artificial means
That dwarf and cramp the soul.



The Intermont



Curry Club

OUR MOTTO: "From within outward"

COLORS: Purple and White

FLOWER: White Carnation

Officers

MARY GLENN PHILLIPS.....	PRESIDENT
MARGARET DILLS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
WILHELMINA AMIS.....	SECRETARY
MARGARET MINTER.....	TREASURER

Members

WILHELMINA AMIS
DORIS CHITWOOD
KATHERINE ALLISON
THELMA CONEY
SALLIE DICKENSON
MARGARET DILLS
ETHEL DULANEY
ESTELLE DUDLEY
MARION FARRELL
ESTHER GRAVES
LUCY HEDGECOCK
MILDRED HOLLOWAY
ERLINE HOWARD

MARGARET MINTER
SELMA MCCOMAS
CLARA MCCORKLE
RHODA L. NUNNALLY
MARY GLENN PHILLIPS
ALLEEN OWENS
FAYE QUESENBERRY
LUCY SANSOM
CHARLOTTE SEWARD
WILLIE MAC SUTHERLAND
AUDREY TOWNES
EMMA WADDELL
JANIE MAE WILLIS



The Intermont



Glee Club

CYNTHIA ADDINGTON

DORIS CHITWOOD

LENA EDWARDS

PAULINE FARRELL

SUSIE EASLEY

MYRTLE GILLEY

CHRISTINE HOLLOWAY

CLETIS LITTREAL

KATHLEEN LITZ

GAYNELLE LOCKHART

LURA MINYARD

MARY GLENN PHILLIPS

LOUISE SEAL

GILBERTA SMITH

MARY VIRGIN



The Intermont



Celebrities

PEG DILLS.....	Champion class cutter
RUTH McCLELLAN.....	Rosy bluffer
LEONA COFENHAVER.....	Best authority on Lincoln
FELMA CLARK.....	Climbing military spirit
HELEN BENNETT.....	Best authority on ladylike cuss-words
EDITH WAGNER.....	Best Carr catcher
KATHLYN ALLISON.....	Biggest gummer

Members

JENNIE HANSON
JANET PRESTON
MARGARET POWERS
MARY POWERS
MARGARET REEDER
VIVIAN THOMAS
CLAIRE LIVESAY
JANIE DUTTON

WILLIE PHILLIPS
AUDREY HUDSON
INEZ MCCHESENEY
JOSIE STATEN
KATHERINE HARROP
KATHERINE CRUMLEY
REBA JONES
GLADYS HUFFARD

ESTELLE BURSON



The Intermont



Five Foolish Virgins

Officers

RUTH McCLELLANPRESIDENT
MARGARET DILLS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
EMMA HUNT.....SECRETARY-TREASURER

Favorite Sayings

MARGARET DILLS—"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

ETHEL DULANEY—Because I'm not married doesn't prove I never had a chance.

FELMA CLARK—Hope on, hope ever.

RUTH McCLELLAN—Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste; the work of our heart and hands belong to the man who did not know, and never could understand!

EMMA HUNT—While there's life there's hope.

—Finis.



The Infermont



K. F. F.

OCCUPATION: A long hike, real things to eat, and a general good time

MOTTO: "Not where we go, but what we eat;
For a meal away from V. I. is sweet.
Who gives her help with her money feeds swell
Herself, and the rest of the club as well.

Apologies to Lowell.

Members

NAMES	NICKNAMES	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
ESTHER ANGLE	"Pig"	"Pass the fruit salad."
MYRTLE BOWLING	"Chubby"	"Am I not fat?"
DORIS CHITWOOD	"Dumpsy"	"Didn't I get a letter?"
GRACE CRUIKSHANK	"Cruik"	"I just can't decide what to do."
VIOLETTE HOLT	"Bill"	"Please wait two years."
BESS KING	"D. H. M.'s Pet"	"You reckon so?"
GRACE POOLE	"Poolie"	"You know pickles? Well, there ain't none."



The Intermont



?

PLACE OF MEETING: Our "rendezvous"

TIME: Must be decided

PASSWORD: Left to us

Chief Convicts

SUSIE MASON EASLEY
CHARLINE LAGRONE
VELMA REEDER
LUCY SANSON
GILBERTA SMITH



The Intermont



P. P. C.

(Pearisburg Privileged Characters)

Granted to—

PEG DILLS—a perfect right to call to mind any attractive coincidences to fit all occasions.

FRANCES MASON—permission to make up any extra sleep in class, and to carry concealed weapons—lip stick.

ETHEL DULANEY—permission to borrow, with the understanding that she take her demerits as often as caught.

KATE SHELTON—permission to roam around without having any definite end in view, and to have her pictures made profile.

SUSIE—a permanent permit to use her eyes instead of her mouth, in case of her not being able to use the latter for communicative purposes.



The Intermont



"The Walk-Offs"

MOTTO: Rules may come and rules may go, but we go on forever

FAYE QUESENBERRY.....	Leader
VIRGINIA JOHNSON.....	Plotter
MAC SUTHERLAND.....	Scout
"BILL" AMIS.....	Satellite
VIRGINIA STONE.....	Magnet

Faye, "the Va.'s," Mac, and "Bill" one bright September day
Decided to go to the movies to pass their time away.
They didn't have time to sign on the door,
And for just walking off they cared lots more.

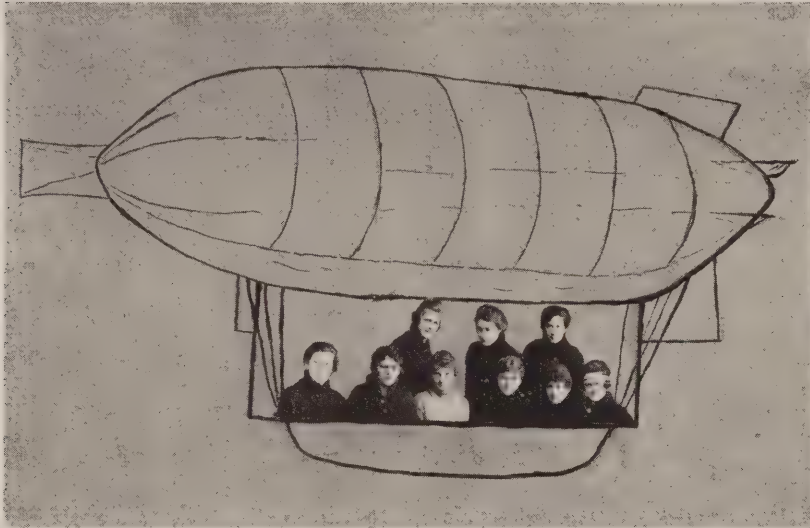
They hiked around the corner and they bumped into a girl,
But they didn't care a rap for anybody in the world.
They slid into the gallery, for fear of being seen,
And the rows of "colored" faces made an effective screen.

Now, all would have been well, but for Virginia's giggle,
At the sound of which thing the girls began to wiggle.
With justice, too, for down below there sat
A girl, who reported quicker than a bat.

Up before the Executive Board they were brought,
And the six weeks' restriction received, with memories were fraught;
For, true to their motto, they couldn't stay at home,
But *would* walk off when they pleased, the country to roam.



COTILLION CLUB



Der Deutsche Verein

FARBEN: Schwarz, Weiss und Rot

BLUME: Erika

WAHLSPRUCH: "Früh übt sich, was ein Meister werden will"

Ehrenmitglied

Fräulein Pflug

Mitglieder

Fräulein Grace Cruikshank
Fräulein Myrl Gough
Fräulein Pauline Ferrell
Fräulein Bess King

Fräulein Gaynelle Lockhart
Fräulein Grace Poole
Fräulein Velma Reeder
Fräulein Gilberta Smith

Fräulein Lucille Terrell



The Intermont



Palette and Brush Club

MOTTO: "Not imitation, but creation, is the aim."—*Emerson*

FLOWER: Sweet Pea

COLORS: Pink and Green

Officers

LURA MINYARD.....	PRESIDENT
MARY KEMPTON PLEASANTS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELLEN CARSON.....	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

VIVIAN BROWN
RACHEL CRAFT
MARY CRENSHAW
MARION FLIPPO
LUCY KENT HALL
VIVIAN MCLEMORE
ETHEL MAYES

JOSIE PATTISON
WILLIE PHILLIPS
LORRAINE PRICE
AUDREY TOWNES
MRS. CHARLES DICKINSON
MRS. G. T. DAVIS
MRS. T. S. McMEEL



Romance of Our Names



WHEN walking down the *Leavell* Hall, I met a little *Virgin* strolling with a *King*. Believe me, they were some *Walkers*, and they sure could turn the *Angles*. One morning while walking they came to a small *Town* named *Wallace*. Here they rested in a *Parķ*. In the course of their conversation they noticed a little *Brown Seal* down by a *Pond*. This, of course, attracted their attention. The *King* started after the animal, when he was stopped suddenly by a *Mason* who was carrying *Stones*. The *Mason* shouted to the *King*: "Come, play a game of *Poole*."

The *King* replied: "I haven't the *Price*."

Mason shouted again: "Oh, come on; I'm *Rich*."

The *King*, entirely forgetting his *Virgin* in the *Parķ*, went to indulge in the game. Time passed and the little *Virgin* lingered, waiting for her *King*. But she *Hurd* no footsteps. Everything seemed *A-mis*. In the depths of the night, a *Miller* came through the *Parķ* to *Hunt* a sack of corn. He found the little *Virgin* all alone and, feeling great pity for her, carried her to his nearby home. Of course she was weary, and *Easley* fell asleep.

In the meantime, the *King* was resting in the *Poole* room and dreaming that he was in *Coney* with his little *Virgin*. But when he awoke he realized that it was a dream, and wishing to make amends went in search of her. After finding her, and hoping to make amends, he went into a 5- and 10-cent store, where he bought her *Reams* of *Valentines*. The next day he took her to dinner, where they had a *Pleasant* meal, supping *Campbell's* soup and eating *Nunnally's* candy.

After she had received such kind treatment, everything seemed to take new life, and they had a *Goodyear*, even if there were some ups and downs. And at last they were *Lockharts*.

BULLETIN BOARD

GLEE CLUB
AT FIVE P.M.
Be Prompt!
Demerit'd
at Tet Smim.

And E. Atank

Annual Staff
MEET in THE
"Sanctuary"
at 7 P.M.
Bring Lunch
Adjourn at 2 P.M.
F. Mason

Y.W.C.A. CABARET
Gym at 8 P.M.
ALL COME

NEW MONITORS

2nd Floor
V. Johnson
J. Pattison
M. Puckett
3rd Floor
M. Cabelly
E. Howard
F. Jared
4th Floor
Yiu Fong
T. Stevenson

SOCIETY PROGRAM

Soho - "Did you ever
see an apple orchard
in the Spring" - M. Puckett
Highland Fling - E. Hunt
Reading - "Curfew shall
not ring tonight" - I. Appleby
Irish Reel - Six members

NOTICE!
ALL WHO
ATTENDED
mid-night
feast.
Report selves
and receive
2 Demerits
Each!
K. L. T.

SIXTEEN JOLLY
(GLEE CLUB) Boys
Everyone G. L. U. G. Boys
ALL Goodlooking - ask
M. Cabelly

DR. EDWARDS
COLL. PHYSICIAN
will pay his
Annual call
at 1 P.M. Today.

Those needing
attention report to
Infirmary Mrs. Ogden

Srs.
SELL Cases
TODAY
A. Pong

LOST
my Self Realization
(Kullman)

Don't
Forget
Your
Laundry

Mrs. Ogden

EVERYONE MUST
go to church Today
WEAR YOUR
Uni Forms!!
Mrs. Murrell

Mr. Nostringle
is away
Mr. Schreotter
will lead
CHAPLAIN
Everyone in
on Time

Pierless Pictures of
G. Cruikshank have
mysteriously disappeared
Miss Puckett in despair
Please Return to
G. Cruikshank's room

REMEMBER
SCRIPTURE VERSES
for next Saturday
H. B. Hoffmann

LAST WARNING
ABOUT
BALLET SHIPPERS!!



The Intermont



SENIOR SNAPSHOTS



The Intermont



SENIOR SNAPSHOTS



The Tomboy



ILLIAM EVANS CHAMBERS, better known as Bill, dressed in his new baseball suit, with bat and glove in hand, went whistling down the street on his way to the vacant lot to play ball. About a block behind him came his sister, two years younger than he, as fast as her small legs could carry her. Because she always wanted to play with Bill the fellows all called her "Tommy," and it was by this name that she was generally known.

"Wait on me, please, Billy. I'm going, too."

Bill stopped, and turned around indignantly.

"No you ain't, either. I'm just tired of always havin' girls follerin' me around, and I made up my mind last night that you wasn't goin' another place with me."

"Please let me, Billy. I ain't got nobody to play with and I'm awful lonesome."

"Well, I can't help it if you are. If I was a girl I'd stay at home and make doll-dresses for that old, cross-eyed doll o' yours; but I ain't, an' I'm tired of havin' the fellers laugh at me for playin' with girls."

"Bill Chambers," retorted Tommy, "you're just mad 'cause I beat you playin' scrub yesterday, and that's when the fellows laughed at you."

"That was just an accident—anybody can play scrub; but you can't skin a cat, and you know you can't; liked to broke your neck the last time you tried it. If it hadn't been fer me, you'd a-been killed sure, and I'm tired of bein' 'sponsible fer your life and you might just as well go on back home."

"I'm goin' with you," replied Tommy, defiantly.

"Betcha don't," and with that he ran down the street and around the corner as fast as he could run.

Tommy did not attempt to follow him, as she usually did, but sat down on the sidewalk and began to cry. Suddenly she ceased crying and dried her eyes with the hem of her gingham dress. She sat there as if she were thinking, with her chin propped by two chubby little hands. Her little straw hat had fallen back over her yellow curls, and revealed two blue eyes looking absently out into space. Presently she murmured, softly,



The Intermont



"I'll make Bill Chambers glad he's got a sister like me." Then she got up quickly and ran up the walk towards home.

She hurried up the front steps, softly opened the door and tiptoed upstairs. Silently slipping into her mother's bedroom, she went over to her workbasket and found a pair of scissors. Just as she was coming out of the door she met her old colored nurse, who, of course, saw the scissors the first thing.

"Law, chile, what's yo' ewine do wid dem shears?" she exclaimed, loudly.

"Just going to cut out some paper dolls, Aunt Rose," the child replied, conscious of telling a little falsehood.

"Well, mind yo' doan stick yo'self wid de pints," admonished the old negro, and left her.

She reached her room without meeting any one else. Going up to the mirror, she put the scissors up to one yellow curl and it fell off on the dresser. One by one, six other curls fell off in a pile, and a shaggy little head looked into the glass with an air of satisfaction.

After pausing but a few moments before the glass, she ran to her brother's room, opened his wardrobe and found an old, discarded ball suit, which she quickly put on. It was a little large for her, but it made no difference whether it was the right size or not, she was glad enough to have found it. Searching still further, she found cap, shoes and stockings. She stood there, arrayed in this attire, no one would have known that it was little Tommy, so different did she look. Pulling the cap well down over her shaggy locks, she gave herself another admiring glance in the mirror and was off to the vacant lot.

The boys were just beginning a game. Bill and another boy were choosing up and it happened that Bill lacked one on his side. At this moment Tommy appeared. None of the boys recognized her.

"Hello, there, kid; what's your name?" asked one.

"Benjamin Matthews is my sure 'nough name, but they called me 'Tut' where I used to live."

"Oh, you are the new boy moving up there on the Hill," added another.

"Yep, I'm the one," lied Tommy.

"Say, Tut, can you play ball?" asked Bill.

"Guess I ought to; played all my life."

"Well, you're on my side and play in center field, do you hear?"

"I gotcha," replied Tommy.

They scrambled to their places, and the game progressed without interest until the seventh inning, when Bill's opponents made a run, which tied the score. In the ninth



The Infermont



inning the score was still a tie. One man was down and Tommy was at the bat. She could hit a ball as good as any boy and she was determined to make a score and win the game.

"Hey, you new kid, hit that pill!" yelled some one on the fence.

"Show 'em how you used to play ball," suggested Bill.

The first time she struck and missed, but the next time she hit the ball and it went flying down through center field. She made first base and the next man up sent the ball far over the left fielder's head, and Tommy made two bases. A freckle-faced boy, who was the next to bat, fanned, and now the last man was up and Tommy was praying for him to make a hit so she could score and win the game. Oh! if she could only win that game she was sure that Bill would be proud of a sister like her.

She was aroused from her dreaming by Bill, who was coaching her on third and was yelling for her to wake up. She looked around and saw the ball going over the right fielder's head, and she resolved to score or die. When Bill saw the right fielder pick up the ball and throw it to the short stop he yelled, frantically:

"Hey, kid, slide fer home! Slide quick!"

She knew nothing about sliding, but resolved to try. One little hand reached out and touched the base, but a little yellow head covered with a ball cap hit the ground so hard that she became unconscious. They all quickly crowded around her, and as they picked her up to carry her over to the shade tree one little arm hung limply down.

"Say, fellers, his arm's broke," suggested the freckle-faced boy. They all expressed their opinion to the same effect.

When they pulled off the cap to wash her face no one took notice of the shaggy locks, but when Bill took up the little hand to examine it he immediately recognized the little signet ring; then he noticed the hair and recognized the face.

"Fellers," he cried, excitedly, "it's Tommy. Look here, she's gone and cut off her hair and gone and put on my old ball suit. Is she dead, you reckon? I just couldn't stand it if she was. She wanted to come with me, but I wouldn't let her, and we just quarreled awful. She's breathin', ain't she? Git the doctor, quick, and one of you go after father. Don't you breathe nary word of it to mother, 'cause it'll scare her to death."

Presently, two little blue eyes opened and closed again.

"Tommy," sobbed her brother, "I never meant a word I said to you and I wasn't a bit mad. I don't care how much you foller me, only please, Tom, don't die. If you'll only not die you can just go anywhere you want to with me. You're just the best sister a man ever had," and big tears trickled down his dusty cheeks, leaving their path behind them.



The Intermont



She opened her eyes again and looked all around her, then asked, slowly, "Where am I? Did we beat?"

"Well, I reckon we did," replied Bill, enthusiastically. "Tommy, you won the game. You're a peach! ain't she, fellers?"

"Betcha life!" "Best I ever saw!" "Course she is!" "She's a corker!" And so on from each of the crowd.

As she closed her eyes again and groaned aloud, Bill asked, seriously: "Tom, you ain't dyin', are you?"

"I don't know. My head hurts awful and my arm's 'bout to kill me."

Just then the doctor's car came around the corner, and he and Mr. Chambers ran quickly across the lot.

Billy began to cry. "Daddy, I guess she's dyin', and it's my fault. I run off from her and she wanted to come, and we had the awfulest fuss; so she just cut off her hair and come out here dressed up in my old suit so we wouldn't know her, and none of us did; did we, fellers? You just ought to seen her play ball; she beat the game. I told her to slide fer home and she did, and fell awful hard and I spect she's busted her head and broke her arm. Doctor, do you s'pose she'll die?"

The doctor, who had been examining her, finding nothing more serious than the broken bone, assured him that she would soon be all right.

The doctor gathered her up tenderly in his arms and started for the car, and Mr. Chambers, with his arm around Bill, who was crying as if his heart would break, followed close behind. The arm was so painful that she had to be given an anæsthetic to set the bone. She lay so still in her little bed that Billy wondered if she wasn't dying; and when in her delirium she talked constantly of sliding for home, he was sure she was.

When she awoke her father went over to the bed and said, tenderly, "She's my baby boy, that's what she is."

"No, I ain't, daddy," she answered, drowsily. "I'm your girl after this. I don't want to be no boy any more, 'cause you're too liable to get killed. Where's Billy?"

"Here I am, Tommy, and I'm goin' to stay right here in the house and play with you until you get well."

"You are glad you got a sister like me, ain't you, Bill?"

"Never was so glad of anything in my life. Honest Injun, I never was! An' any time you want to go anywhere with me just let me know."

Tommy slowly closed her eyes and to her mother, who had been smiling at the preceding dialogue, asked seriously: "Mother, do you guess my hair will ever grow back out?"

REBA I. JONES.

A REEL OF "MAKE HASTE SLOWLY" 3

"Agony"

IN THREE FITS
FEATURING THE FAMOUS
STARS



PRODUCED BY ISOBEL VIRGIN



BREAKFAST BELL

WHILE I WILDLY COMB MY HAIR WITH ONE HAND AND PLACE MY SHOE WITH THE OTHER, MY ROOMIE SLAPS SOME WATER ON HER FACE AND GUILDS HER SKIRT. THEN WE START OUT AT THE RATE OF 60 MI AN HOUR



I ARRIVE AT MY PLACE JUST AS THE BLESSING IS SAID. RECEIVE ONE MARK.



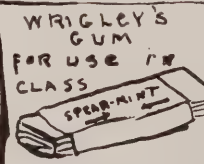
ALTHO THE RISING BELL RINGS LOUDLY, WE SLEEP IN AS SILENTLY AS YOUNG INFANTS



I HURRIEDLY TIE UP MY NIGHTIE UNDER MY SKIRT AND SWEATER, WHILE "ROOMIE" PUTS HER MIDDY ON BACKWARDS.



SLOAN'S
LINEMENT
GOOD FOR
SUNDAY
SORE
FEET



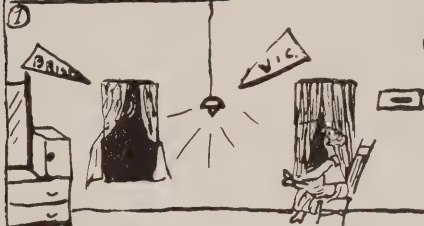
WRIGLEY'S
GUM
FOR USE IN
CLASS

DRINK
Coca-Cola
5¢ IN BOTTLES
RELIEVES
FATIGUE
DELICIOUS AND
REFRESHING

2700 ON
NOVA NO
+ HIGHWAYS 10
3 NO 51H
OVED CAN NOY

"REAL JOY" REEL OF WISDOM

ISRAEL VIGGIN



NOW WE ARISE AT 6:00 (VERY DARK) AND DRESS CAREFULLY, PUTTING ON ALL OUR CLOTHES.



AT 6:10 WE ARE ON THE CAMPUS WAITING FOR OUR GYM TEACHER. [THE BRICK BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS SUPPOSED TO BE A PART OF V.I.C.]



THE BLACK SPOTS ARE NOT ANTS, BUT THEY ARE BE WALKING ALONG THE SHORE. THE SUN IS RISING!



BACK AT 7:00. WE HAVE GOOD CAUSE TO LAUGH - ALL THE LAZY ONES ARE STILL IN BED.



OUR ROOM STRAIGHTENED BY BREAKFAST TIME. WE REVIEW OUR LESSONS



I AM FIRST DOWN TO THE BREAKFAST TABLE - HUNGRY AS A BEAR. THIS IS THE LIFE! SEND



The Intermont



The Masquerade Ball

On Hallowe'en we gave a ball,
It was a masquerade.
Everybody came disguised,
From a clown to a queen of spades.

There were Japs, gypsies, Colonial maids,
Clowns that stood on their heads;
There were Spanish girls with tambourines,
Who danced themselves most dead.

And night and moon and sun were there;
Spooks of every description;
'Most every character was portrayed
That was ever read in fiction.

And there was little Red Riding Hood;
Boy Blue, who went to sleep;
Bo-Peep's make-up was really good,
But she hadn't any sheep.

Of all the various kinds of folks,
The one that I like best
Was the one who rolled all over the floor—
'Twas Humpty-Dumpty, I guess.

E. W., '18.



The Intermont



MASQUERADERS



A Case Before the Executive Board

TIME: Between one and two o'clock at night.

PLACE: Front Office. (Being the most dignified place to be found.)

MISS LITZ.....*President*

MISS WHITTEMORE.....*Vice-President*

MISS REEDER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

REPRESENTATIVES AND PROCTORS

GAYNELLE, VIRGINIA S., VIRGINIA J.....*Victims*

After long and serious consultation by "Board," Gaynelle is dragged in by Miss Bowling. On confronting the long, stern faces of the dignified members, she shook and trembled in her shoes, nearly falling over the chair she was asked to "be seated in."

MISS LITZ (in sepulchral tones): "Miss er-er-Lockhart, it has been reported by one of the most worthy members of our faithful 'Board'——"

GAYNELLE: "Yess'um, I went walking by the 'Pie Factory.' "

MISS LITZ (losing part of her dignified pose): "Please hold your tongue till I complete my assertions. I have heard of your aptitude for pies, and it grieves me beyond words to find that you have forgotten yourself to the extent of going to the 'Pie Factory' and buying peach pies."

GAY: "Madame President, I beg to differ. It was a mince pie."

MISS L.: "Her confession is now complete. Has any one else anything to say? Speak now or forever hold your peace. If not, you may go, Gaynelle."

After brief pause, Virginia J. is brought in, "skeert" to death on account of this being her first offense.

MISS L.: "Miss Johnson, it sorely grieved and mortified me when I received the report that you had been led astray by Gaynelle to the extent of buying and eating mince pie."

VIRGINIA J.: "It was a peach pie I ate."

MISS L.: "Very, well. Did you bring the pies back on the campus?"

VIRGINIA J.: "Yes."

MISS L.: "In bags?"



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VIRGINIA: "No, ma'am, not in bags. We ate them before we got on the campus."

MISS L.: "Well, Virginia, do you not think that you should coöperate with us and help make Student Government a success? I am shocked that you would do such a thing, as this is the first time we have had reason to bring you into this worthy presence. I am more grieved at Gaynelle, however, on account of her being a 'S-E-N-I-O-R.' She should be an example of integrity and goodness. All right, you may go. Send in Miss Stone."

Virginia enters. The roses faded from her checks, and not the sign of a dimple showing.

MISS L.: "I hear that you were also in this audacious act. Am I correct?"

VIRGINIA (teeth chattering): "I am sure I don't know."

MISS L.: "Your memory is certainly very short. Didn't you go to the 'Pie Factory' with Virginia and Gaynelle?"

VIRGINIA S. (thinking, "I wonder if the V. P. I. boys ever get in scrapes like this?"): "Why, yes, I think I did."

KATHLEEN: "Yes, I'm sure you went and bought a peach pie."

VIRGINIA: "No, ma'am, indeed it was not, really it was a berry pie, a nice berry pie."

KATHLEEN: "That makes no difference. The point at issue is: You went to the 'Pie Factory' with Miss Lockhart and Miss Johnson, something Seniors are not even allowed to do. Is it not so?"

VIRGINIA: "Yes, ma'am, I reckon so."

KATHLEEN: "Well, that will do for you, Miss Stone."

Whereupon, Miss Stone was very formally conducted forth from the mighty presence.

The door was immediately closed and *locked*, and the keyhole stuffed with paper. So it was all in vain that the three waiting culprits peeped and listened; all was dark and silent.

Meanwhile after the dismissal of the last prisoner at the bar the Executive Board proceeded to business.

MISS REEDER (jumping up in her chair): "Well, I never—I wouldn't have thought that of Virginia Johnson of *all* girls—think of it—going to the 'Pie Factory!'"

"Isn't it awful!" chimed in two others, and immediately pandemonium reigned; the parliamentary efforts of the President were of no avail, all tried their level best to express their opinion at once.



The Intermont



(Oh, could the poor criminals have seen that the Executive Board were not such monstrum horrendum after all.)

At last, by her queenly mien and excessive rapping of the little——, the head executioner, Miss Litz, gained a semblance of order. Rising to her full height, she said in sonorous tones: "You have heard the three successive confessions from the lips of the offenders as to the effect: that these three aforesaid girls left the campus at eleven o'clock Saturday morning, March 8th, and went to what they termed the 'Pie Factory' and bought each, respectively, a mince, apple and berry pie. What is the will of the chief executioners as to the proper punishment?"

CHIEF EXECUTIONER, MISS VELMA REEDER: "Madame President."

MADAME PRESIDENT: "Miss Reeder."

CHIEF EXECUTIONER: "I move that they be banished to residence in the Dormitory *only* for eight weeks, being allowed to go on the campus only with the express permission of Mrs. Murrell, and that on dessert night they be forbidden the customary peach pie."

"May I suggest one improvement?" asked Miss Litz. "Instead of Mrs. Murrell I shall grant the girls permission to leave the building. Is there a second to Miss Reeder's motion—with the suggested improvement?"

SECOND-FLOOR PROCTOR: "I second the motion."

After thirty minutes discussion, the suggestion as to the punishment was unanimously accepted.

At 3:56 A. M., the Venerable Board of Executioners sought rest for their weary bodies.





Wouldn't It Be Wonderful If—

We had a cream pitcher which didn't leak?
Miss Leavell gave a test like any one else?
Bess King and Wilhelmina Amis didn't worry?
We didn't have "spoilt" potatoes?
Ruth McClellan wasn't so "Foxy"?
Every one had a candy beau like Charline's Joe?
Pal saw the point to a joke?
Mary Robertson and Ruth McClellan could keep a K. A. pin two weeks?
The same man called on a V. I. girl twice?
Lucy Hedgecock got to breakfast on time?
Erline wasn't hungry?
Peg Dills didn't rave all the time?
Faye would get busy?

Did You Ever See—

Grace Crenshaw when she wasn't "chawing" gum?
Marion Flippo smile?
Virginia Stone in a flurry?
Miss Leavell not "dro-w-sy"?
Virginia Johnson when she couldn't giggle?
Lucille Terrell when she didn't have a date with (a) Chap?
Mattie Puckett with her red sweater off?
Grace "Cruik" not crushing?
Gaynelle on the Honor Roll?
Alma Goodyear looking dignified?
Nettie Belle Hoar and Mary Terrell going to church?
Susie when she wasn't making eyes?



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MISS PARR (at breakfast during the cold spell): "Girls, you may be excused. I hope you will go to a warmer place."

Alice, the little goose,
Is always trying to reduce.

MRS. MURRELL: "Mary, what are you doing out there?"

MARY: "I'm looking at the moon."

MRS. MURRELL: "Well, tell the moon to go home, and come off the porch. It's eleven-thirty."

JOSIE: "Don't worry about your Hannis, dear, all the world loves a lover."

ALICE: "Yes, but mother acts so 'unworldly' sometimes."

Virginia Johnson, who had fallen asleep in Latin, was aroused from her peaceful slumbers by Miss Lynn, who was shouting to the rest of the class: "Order, please."

Virginia drowsily answered: "Ham and Eggs, please."

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If Reams don't kill us
Leavell must.

Palmira and Kemp looking for the postman:

PAL (seeing Mr. Schroetter's brother): "Here's the postman."

MR. SCHROETTER'S BROTHER: "No, I am not the postman, but I am a 'male' man."

EDITH: "Wish I were in your shoes."

LUCILE: "Why so?"

EDITH: "Mine hurt."

Katherine Statler, who prides herself upon her brilliancy in English, was heard to remark that she looked worse than the "witches in King Lear."



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TEACHER: "Josie, is Franklin's 'Autobiography' authentic?"

JOSIE: "Yes, ma'am, it certainly is pathetic."

"Why on earth do you keep borrowing Gilley's guitar? You can't play it."

"No, but while I have it she can't either."

SHE: "Love me?"

HE: "Yes."

SHE: "Swear."

HE: "Damn!"

"Pull down your skirts!"

"That's all right, Mrs. Zeigler, I'm not a bit cold."

In infirmary, answering friend's letter: "I'm much better, thank you. Am able to be 'upholstered' in bed."

MISS LEAVELL: "What are the three words most used by college pupils?"

PUPIL: "I don't know."

MISS LEAVELL: "Correct."

MISS LYNN: "Grace, name one thing which the Romans lacked which the present age has."

GRACE: "Me."

MARY (looking at shoes): "I've got to marry a man that sells shoes. Oh—I mean ladies' shoes!"

FOR SHOES GO TO THE CARMACK'S SHOE STORE

Why does a young man think his sweetheart is like a doorknob?
Because she is something to adore (a door).

Q.: "Why is Miss Stoddard so crazy about Esther?"

VIRGINIA: "Because she is a cute Angle."



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GRACE POOLE: "He is rich and old. Why don't you marry him?"

GRACE CRUIK: "Old? He may live for ten years yet."

GRACE POOLE: "Marry him and do your own cooking."

Emma Hunt consulted a physician as to the best method for reducing. He advised her to eat crackers and tea. At the end of a week Emma again sought the physician, making this complaint:

"Doctor, by the time I eat my meals and then eat the crackers and tea, why I'm getting fatter than ever."

ANNIE BELLE PHILLIPS (telling about a man who went into a trance): "And then, you know, the man went right into a transom."

MATTIE P.: "Is it counted cheating on an exam if you ask for help and don't get it?"

BESS KING: "Why, yes, I reckon it's all the same."

MATTIE: "Well, then I'm a wreck, 'cause in Latin class this morning I said, 'O Lord, help me,' but He didn't do it."

GRACE C. (looking back on Moore Street): "Where are Susie and Frances?"

ETHEL D.: "Why, they just now fell down and went into the store to get up."

ODE TO A WIENIE

TUNE: *Pretty Baby*

Everybody loves a wienie, that's why I'm so strong for lunch,
Little wienie, little wienie.
For I'd like to have them for my lunch, breakfast, and dinner, too,
Little wienie, little wienie.
Please don't let the war raise your price too much,
For we need you through the day.
We must have something filling, so it might as well be you,
Little wienie of mine.

MISS REAMS: "Miss Poole, name the thirteen pictures in Bryant's 'Flood of the Years'."

"POOLIE": "All I can remember is about the lovers."



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Miss Stranathan picking up a piece of paper on which was written, "Give principal parts of possum."

MISS STRANATHAN (to Miss Stoddard): "Who in the world is giving an exam requiring the principal parts of a 'possum'?"

VIVIAN VANN: "Is William Cullen Bryant that noted man who has been going around lecturing so much lately?"

She kissed him once,
She kissed him twice;
She sat upon his knee.
Don't lose your head,
Don't be misled,
"She's" nothing but a flea.

Sunday A. M., wending her weary way to fourth floor to get excused from church.
"Mrs. Zeigler, I declare, I'm awfully sick. I couldn't sleep last night and had the awfulest dreams. Can you imagine what's the matter?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Zeigler in an ominous voice, "I know now who was in that feast about 2 A. M."

THINGS HEARD IN THE HALL

"Has the bell rung?"
"Has the mail been delivered?"
"Where's Mrs. Murrell?"
"Mr. Flannigan, turn on the hot water!"
"Dog-gone, I didn't get a bit of mail."
"I'm a wreck."
"Lend me ten cents. I'm about to cave in."
"Hi, nigger!"
"Pretty Baby" minus the tune.
"Has Mrs. Murrell inspected?"
(Sunday): "Did you get excused from church? What was the matter with you?"
"I ain't never goin' do that."
"Well, boys,——"
"Go to the——"



The Intermont



MISS REAMS: "Was Washington a polished writer?"

LORRAINE: "Well, he used to knock the King's English."

MISS LEAVELL (indignantly): "Well, girls, have you already deserted your knowledge of yesterday's lesson?"

LUCY KENT: "No, Miss Leavell, it deserted us."

MARY: "Grace, where are those oysters? We are going to make oyster cocktail."

GRACE (eyes dilated): "Child, child, don't you know they would expel us if we did." (It might be well to know that strong drink is not allowed in our halls.)

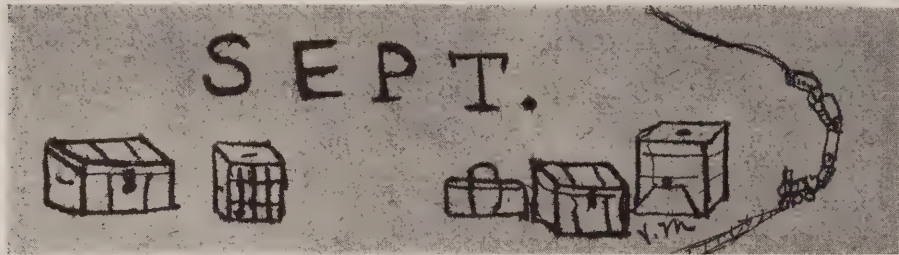
Wilhelmina daintily laid her bread crust aside on a plate.

MYRTLE: "I see where we have bread pudding for dinner to-morrow."





The Intermont



- 14—Bristol!
- 15—We begin to look at the new girls, and they do the same.
- 16—Y. W. C. A. Reception.
- 17—V. I. C. parade on Bristol streets.
- 18—Complimentary tickets to the Columbia.
- 19—Two girls get lost in the vast wilderness of the dorm, and some others sign
up to go to town on their own door instead of Mrs. Murrell's!
- 20—Real lessons begin. Horrors!
- 21—Constitution of Student Government Association read to new girls.
- 22—Demerits all ready for distribution.
- 23—Complimentary tickets from the drug stores. Many thanks.
- 24—Several new girls have found out how to get excused from church.
- 25—We go to town and see the city.
- 28—Y. W. C. A. has welcome program for the new girls.
- 29—Senior Class organized.



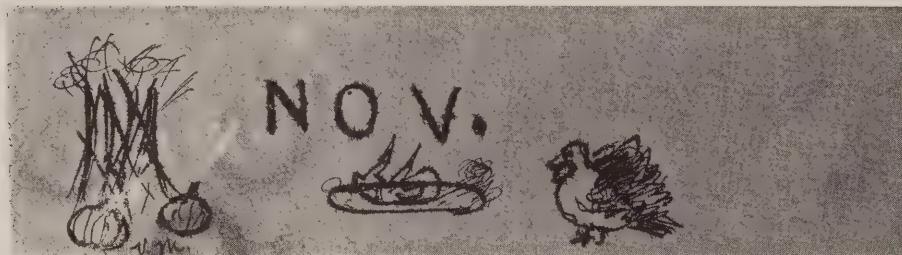
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- 1—We nearly all go to church.
- 2—Same nearly all go to town.
- 3—Mr. Schroetter gives a recital.
- 5—Miss Walters talks in Y. W. C. A.
- 7—Midnight feast rudely interrupted.
- 9—Fall outing at Big Creek. Everybody eats too much and has a big time.
- 10—"Morning after."
- 11—Miss Stranathan's recital.
- 13—Mary Alma Walker is heard to speak above a whisper.
- 16—Mr. Frank Purser here. His opinion of us not to be recorded.
- 17—Midnight fire-alarm.
- 18—Another gun (or firecracker).
- 19—Our guard captured and led off to jail.
- 20—Only fifty-nine more days 'til Christmas. Goody!
- 23—Cynthia doesn't get a letter. "Oh, Dry Those Tears!"
- 30—Ghosts, goblins, and the like prowling around Intermont. Hallowe'en Party
and a jolly good time.



The Intermont



- 1—Another “morning after.”
- 2—Only one hundred twenty-three more day 'til this Annual goes to press.
- 3—Only one hundred twenty-two now.
- 7—RED-LETTER DAY! Woodrow Wilson elected President of the United States.
- 8—Virginia Stone has a date. Ask no questions.
- 12—Seniors get rings.
- 16—Miss Young visits Y. W. C. A.
- 20—Fall reception—several romances begun—several disappointments—lots of good times—delicious refreshments.
- 21—Same as November 1st.
- 25—First term exams begin; in other words, initial torture.
- 30—Thanksgiving Banquet. Mr. Hodges presented with loving-cup. Tacky mock wedding, country school, and other stunts pulled off.



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DECEMBER:

- 1—Do your Christmas shopping early.
- 3—Another girl has date. Scenes through the window.
- 7—Strike for eats other than rice, corn, and burnt potatoes. Next day for breakfast oranges, and oyster stew for lunch.
- 11—Hampton Court Singers in Y. W. C. A.
- 13—Christmas to be seen on every hand.
- 15—Only six girls cut Latin, and two of those know their lessons.
- 16—Hurry and get your trunks packed.
- 18—All aboard for Christmasland.

WONDERFUL BLANK!



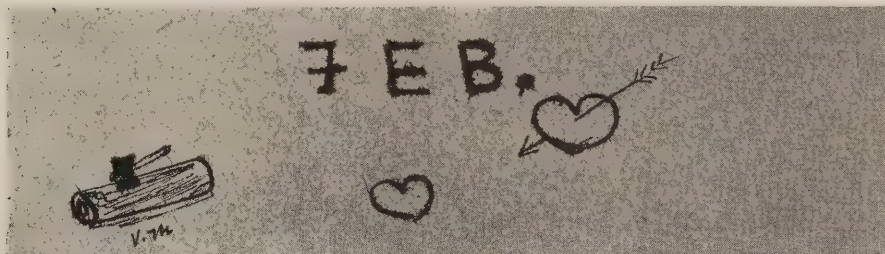
The Intermont



- 4—Back again.
- 5—Isn't it hard to start?
- 6—A few (?) girls homesick.
- 11—Y. W. C. A. "I am sure——"
- 13—The new Gym open for use.
- 19—Lee's Birthday. Celebrated by midnight feast on second floor. Two demerits distributed as favors.
- 20—Hawaiian Singers and Players entertain us.
- 21—Shower-baths in full swing.
- 22—Pictures being made for Annual. Camera heavily insured. No disastrous results.
- 23—Final basket-ball games begin. Senior-Special vs. Soph-Freshman.
- 25—Junior vs. Soph-Fresh fight out championship at Y. M. C. A. Juniors victors.
- 29—Trophy Evening. "Captain Joe" played, and cup awarded to Juniors.
- 30—Harold Henry plays a few ditties for us. Did some one say something?



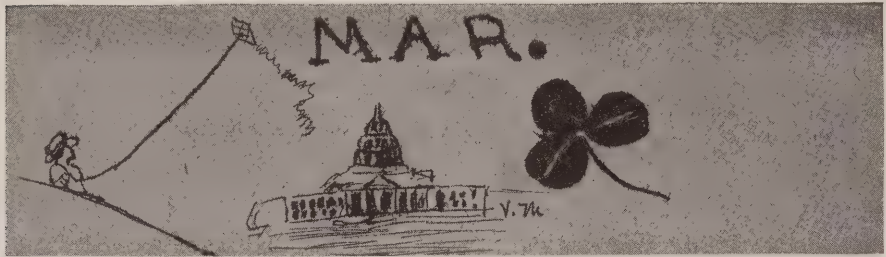
The Intermont



- 1—Regular gym work begins and we like it fine.
- 2—Ground Hog Day. He sees his shadow and we suffer the consequences.
- 5—Cold day. Ten degrees below zero.
- 7—Boothe Lowry lectures at the Y. M. C. A.
- 11—Board of Education visits us. Have ice-cream for lunch. What a surprise!
- 14—Y. W. C. A. pulls off a cabaret affair. Grand time.
- 19—Hettie Jane Dunaway pretends she is "Judy."
- 20—Miss Leavell encourages Geology class. Says she expects every one to flunk.
- 22—Washington's Birthday Banquet. Minuet and other stunts. Evan Williams
at Y. M. C. A.
- 23—Exams!



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- 2—Hear from our exams. Have a heart, don't ask any questions!
- 3—Mrs. Murrell entertains the Senior Class with a picture-show party. Aren't we glad we are Seniors, and didn't we have a good time?
- 4—The President inaugurated.
- 6—Rain. Mrs. Zeigler sees some one go to town without rubbers. Poor victim!
- 9—Class in "First Aid to the Injured" was organized.
- 11—Frances, Faye, Gilberta, and Margaret get to bed before three o'clock.
- 15—WE GO TO PRESS!

Pg I

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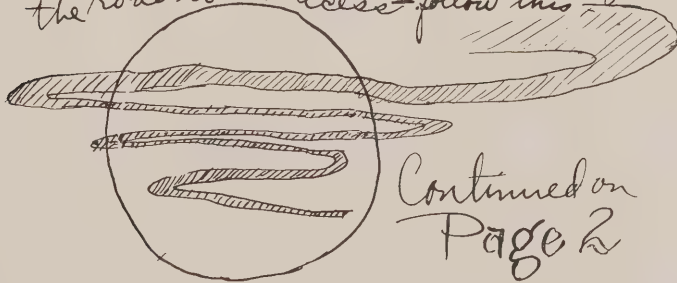
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Explanatory phrase - The Black Border
means that my cat died this morning
1021-10th St.
Sacramento
Calif

March - I forgot the rest.

Dear Kat: I received your
scratching this evening as I
didn't have anything else to do
in particular. I thought I'd drop
you a line (old stuff). It's
funny how girls that are away
to school, like to get letters from
boys and then hand 'em around
to the crowd. My letters are
absolutely in no condition to be exposed
around to the general public.

I don't know what you are going to
that school for but if you intend
to be a teacher, I can show you
the road to success - follow this



Continued on
Page 2

Pg II


Its been so long since I wrote
you a letters, I have forgotten
what pictures or picture I sent but
as I am a mental telegrapher I have
a inspirations that you and your
gang look like this



Pg. III

I don't suppose you have much else to do but to read this stuff anyway of course it all depends on who you are writing to - how much you could think of to say. Now I could sit and use up ink all day to people like you, for instance. Then again if you had to write to something ~~that~~ like the following - you could wear out pens.



Bein as I havent anything
else to do I might as well
be drawing something. I will
now draw my salary = 

Drawing a cart = 

Drawing flies =



Drawing water  = well

APOLOGY

I am kind of ashamed of these
scribblings as I havent time
to send you something good. But
I will have in the near future
// oping to hear from you and
your gang.

I remain (at home)

R.S.V.P.



A PARD



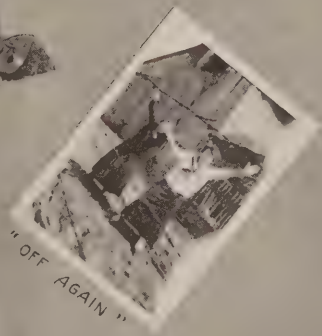
"HANGING ON THE PREMISES"



"AS IT WAS"



"LES ENFANTS"



"OFF AGAIN"



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"



"IS NOW"



"ALWAYS IS"

SNAPSHOTS



SNAPSHOTS



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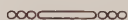
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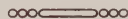
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